The Nation

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Summary of the News

The full text of recent communications between the United States Government and the Governments of Great Britain and Germany was published in the papers of March 18. These communications, six in number, consisted of the identic note of February 20 sent to Great Britain and Germany, proposing some means of compromise as between the German submarine "blockade" and the Allies' embargo; the replies of Germany and Great Britain to the same, dated respectively March 1 and March 15; the inquiries of the American Government addressed on March 5 to France and Great Britain as to the scope and character of the proposed embargo, and the French and British replies of March 14 and 15 to those messages.

We deal in our editorial columns with the French and British notes outlining the nature of the measures which it is proposed to take to enforce the embargo on German commerce. The main points of these communications, however, may be briefly summarized. The most important thing is that both the British and the French notes definitely allude to the contemplated measures of reprisal as a blockade. As to this point, no doubt is left by Sir Edward Grey's phrase that the object of the Allies is "succinctly stated, to establish a blockade to prevent vessels from carrying goods for or coming from Germany." The usual form of blockade, however, is to be modified in the interests of neutrals, the Allies declaring their intention "to refrain altogether from the exercise of the right to confiscate ships or cargoes which belligerents have always claimed in respect of breaches of blockade." The "radius of activity" for the operations of blockade, we are informed, will not extend "outside of European waters, including the Mediterranean."

On the whole, the explanations of the Allied Powers have been received in this country, if not with favor, at any rate with resignation. As we point out in our editorial columns, the definite declaration of a blockade is welcome in that it puts matters on a basis of established international law, and gives to neutrals a fairly distinct understanding of what are their rights and the limitations of their rights. The fact that the blockade will not, and cannot, be maintained according to precedent by a cordon of warships in relatively close proximity to the ports of the enemy, is hardly likely to form a basis of protest from this country, since the American delegates at the conference which resulted in the Declaration of London stood out for a radius of action in case of a blockade of 1,000 miles. Further representations on certain points of the Order in Council proclaiming the embargo which has now become a blockade, will, however, be made by the United States Government, and it was stated at the White House on Monday that a note would be framed and dispatched to London within a few days. The probability seems to be that these representations will dwell principally upon Great Britain's notice that she reserves the right to hold up all goods suspected of having an enemy origin or destination, even though they be consigned to neutral ports.

In no week since the war began has the participation of Italy appeared so imminent. Indeed, from the events of the past few days the balance of probability seems to have borne down heavily on the side of intervention within the next few weeks. No official statements on the subject have been given out, but there is a well-defined impression that the mission of Prince von Bülow has failed. All is speculation, but it is easy to surmise that an offer to Italy of part, at any rate, of "Italia Irredenta" was wrung by Germany from reluctant Austria, and that either the amount offered was insufficient to satisfy Italian aspirations or that it was found impossible to obtain agreement between Austria and Italy as to the time of the surrender. If, for instance, as has been suggested, Austria demanded a guarantee of Italian neutrality in return for a guarantee on the part of Germany and Austria that certain territory should be surrendered at the end of the war, it is not improbable that Italy would bethink herself of the "Punic faith" that was supposed to characterize a former foe. Meanwhile, on both sides of the frontier warlike preparations are being pressed to completion. Austria is reported to have been engaged in strengthening the frontier fortifications. Italy has called up further reserves; the badges of identification have been distributed to the soldiers; the anti-espionage and anti-contraband law was passed by the Senate, prolonging its sitting until two o'clock on Sunday morning; Germans and Austrians in Italy have been advised by their Consuls to leave the country.

The fall of Przemysl will probably not be without its influence on the decision of Italy and of other states at present neutral, but awaiting a favorable moment for the "realization of their national aspirations." If Italy intervenes to regain the Trentino, then Rumania, encouraged by the latest blow to Austrian arms, will hardly tarry in advancing a claim to Transylvania, and Greece, in spite of its newly acquired neutral Government and the influence of the King, will probably be anxious to assist actively at the obsequies of Europe's sick man.

The system of "reprisals" in the war was further extended by a German official announcement last week that, in retaliation for alleged destruction of private property by Russian troops in East Prussia, towns in Poland occupied by Germany would be heavily fined, and "for every village burned down by these Russian hordes on German territory and for each estate destroyed, three villages or estates on Russian territory occupied by us will be sacrificed to the flames." The official statement contained no allusion to Belgium. To the credit of two Socialist members of the Reichstag it should be recorded that they denounced the contemplated reprisals in a debate on the second reading of the budget. Herr Ledebour expressed his horror at the proposal, and Dr. Karl Liebknecht denounced it as barbarism. Dr. Liebknecht on March 20 recorded the single vote cast against the adoption of the budget.

Formal announcement was made on March 22 at the White House that the President has no intention at present of calling an extra session of the Senate or of Congress before the beginning of the regular session next December.

Brig.-Gen. Hugh L. Scott notified Secretary of War Garrison on March 21 of the success of his mission into the country of the rebellious Piute Indians. He succeeded in inducing the Indians to "pow-wow" with him, and to surrender the four ringleaders of the recent uprising on his guarantee that they should receive a fair trial.

Sentences in the case of the passport conspiracy, in which a German citizen of the name of Stegler confessed to having fraudulently obtained a passport from the State Department, instigated, as he protested, by officials connected with the German Embassy in Washington, were delivered on March 19. Stegler was sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment in Blackwell's Island, and his two coconspirators each to ten months' imprisonment in the same place.

Official announcement was made from Berlin on March 21 that subscriptions to the new war loan amounted to 9,000,000,000 marks.

A decree was promulgated in France on March 21 extending the moratorium as applied to rentes until July 15.

The French Chamber on March 18 unanimously passed a proposal authorizing the Government to raise the limit for the issue of Treasury bonds from 3,500,000,000 francs to 4,500,000,000. The way in which the bonds had been taken up, M. Ribot, the Finance Minister, told the Chamber, had surpassed expectations.

The status of the negotiations between Japan and China is still vague, and the various telegrams from Tokio and Peking bearing on the subject should be accepted with reserve. The State Department is uncommunicative on the matter, as is the British Foreign Office, and both have been subjected to some criticism by the press of the two countries on this account. The report, however, that Russia and Great Britain or Great Britain and the United States have made representations to Japan on the subject of China has been denied by the British Embassy at Washington. Representations by the United States have been made independently of action taken by any other country.

The deaths of the week include: James O'Donnell, March 17; John Hinchcliffe, Sir John Edward Bingham, March 18; William D. Sloane, Eugene B. Cook, March 19; Antonio, Cardinal Agliardi, Charles Francis Adams, Eliphalet Fraser Andrews, March 20; Frederick Winslow Taylor, John Hone, March 21; Charles Hermann Goschen, George H. Jessop, Dr. Samuel C. Chew, March 22; Rev. Alexander Cameron Mackenzie, March 23.

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The Week

It may seem a vain thing to attempt at this day to fix the responsibility for the European war, but Sir Edward Grey did well, in his address in London on Monday, to fasten attention upon one point. To prevent the outbreak of war last August, he affirmed, there could have been "a European Conference when and where Germany desired." This statement can be amply verified from the official dispatches at the time. Indeed, the Germans do not deny it. They simply pass over it. It is not even mentioned, for example, in the controversial article recently published by Dr. Karl Helfferich, the German Minister of Finance. This is skilful and plausible, but begins with the Russian mobilization, passing over entirely the fact that, if Germany had agreed to England's proposals, steps could easily have been taken to prevent further mobilization in any of the countries involved. The German Government, to be sure, declared that Sir Edward Grey's plan was not feasible, but has never explained why. If the thing had to be done over again, we doubt if Germany would dismiss so cavalierly the suggestion of England that a Conference of the Powers be held, "when and where Germany desired."

Upon the subject of Belgium forswearing her neutrality by entering into military schemes with Great Britain, the New York *World*, in its interview with King Albert, printed on Monday, cites a statement by the Belgian ruler which goes to the very heart of the question:

> No one in Belgium gave the name of Anglo-Belgian Conventions to the letter of Gen. Ducarne to the Minister of War detailing the entirely informal conversation with the British military attaché, but I was so desirous of avoiding even the semblance of anything that might be construed as unneutral that I had the matters, of which it is now sought to make so much, communicated to the German military attaché in Brussels. When the Germans went through our archives they knew exactly what they would find, and all their present surprise and indignation are assumed.

Here is a direct assertion which calls for an equally unambiguous reply. It certainly was an unusual conception of neutrality which impelled the Belgian Government to acquaint the German Government with precautions Belgium was taking against a German invasion; but it was good statesmanship, too, since the Belgian purpose would be served if Germany was aware that Belgium was prepared to defend her neutrality. Why the statesmen at Berlin upon the outbreak of hostilities should have pleaded the law of necessity instead of accusing Belgium of perfidy, as they did later, is a puzzle, perhaps to be explained by the general muddle in German diplomacy that marked the beginnings.

The surrender of Przemysl comes almost exactly half a year after the investment of the fortress in the latter part of September, following upon the occupation of Lemberg on September 3. The siege lasted somewhat longer than that of Port Arthur, and in exultant Petrograd the memory of Port Arthur will be regarded as completely wiped out by the conquest of Austria's greatest fortress, one of the most powerful in Europe. From the Russian accounts of the strength of the garrison, the number of prisoners should not fall very far short of the 40,000 men who surrendered to the Germans at Maubeuge. What makes the Russian achievement all the more notable is the fact that the siege has not been carried on undisturbed, as was the case at Port Arthur. At one time, during the Austro-German sweep against Warsaw and the Vistula, in early October, the siege was abandoned, and reinforcements were undoubtedly thrown into the fortress. With the retreat of the Germans from before Warsaw in the latter part of October the siege was resumed, but twice the Russians have had to meet formidable Austrian movements from the Carpathians for the relief of the fortress. The first attempt failed in the last week of December, when the Russian victory, on Christmas Day, at Tuchow, in the angle between the Austrian army of the Carpathians and the army of Cracow, forced a general Austrian retirement. The second attempt is the one which began a month ago with the Austrian advance towards the Dniester, the occupation of Stanislau, and the prospect of a drive against Lemberg, which would have thrown a circle around the Russian army at Przemysl. This movement has now collapsed.

What sense is there in German professors declaring that they will no longer collaborate with this or that scientific institution in England? Science and art have always appeared as the common possession of civilized peoples, and does not one injure one's own people and its science by sitting on the stool of isolation and by breaking off scientific intercourse?

This, we are happy to say, is not a British or French rebuke to German folly, but the utterance of one of the foremost of German journals, the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. The article goes on to characterize as "fundamentally un-German," as "tasteless and histrionic," and as "quite ridiculous" the manifold outcroppings of the gospel of hate which have been experienced in Germany for months past. Of manifestations of a somewhat similar spirit in the countries Germany is fighting, there has also been more than enough; though the celebrated hymn of hate and the silly "God punish England" salutation set a mark for Germany not elsewhere matched. Best of all in the Frankfort paper's article is the clear and sober recognition of the fact that, stupendous as this war is, it will not last forever; that after it is over the "calm and assured work" which is the permanent interest of mankind will be resumed, and that "this work must be performed in conjunction with other peoples, whom we cannot exterminate, who will renew their intercourse with us as we shall with them." The time is sure to come when a sane view of the relations of the peoples, and of their claims on each other's respect as well as coöperation, will reassert its sway in all the nations; but he does a great service to his countrymen who addresses to them words of truth and soberness while the war passion is still at its height.

Diplomatic opinion in Washington accentuates the inherent improbability of the story from Peking that Great Britain and Russia have formally protested to Japan against the exercise of undue pressure upon China. Under ordinary circumstances the purported wording of the protest lodged at Tokio would come close to being an ultimatum. To imagine that Great Britain and Russia, in the present world emergency, would threaten Japan with the severance of diplomatic relations is difficult. The entire situation as between Japan and China centres upon the charge that the Japanese Government, in submitting to the Powers a copy of its demands upon Peking, has told only part of the truth, and that along with demands for commercial concessions Japan has formulated something like a plan for a protectorate over the Chinese Republic. That would be a very rudimentary kind of diplomacy. The safer assumption is that the various Governments have received assurances from Tokio which make the matter one for discussion rather than for challenge. From Count Okuma we have the declaration that relations with the United States have never been so friendly, and an estimate of Russia's position, which certainly argues no hostility. The most reasonable explanation is still the one that Japan and China are bargaining af-

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ter the method of the East, one asking more than she expects to get, the other professing to be harder pressed than she really is.

Mr. Root's speech at the farewell luncheon to Mr. Burton on last Friday illustrates admirably what this country has to gain from such visits to South America as Ohio's ex-Senator is about to make. It was a commendation to merchants of the United States of habits of courtesy and punctiliousness in their dealings with our Latin neighbors; a commendation based upon Mr. Root's own tour of a region "distinguished among all civilized people for its genuine hospitality and courtesy and friendship." From the repetition of such official or semi-official missions we may learn more quickly than in any other way the proper footing upon which, politically and commercially, to approach South America. That Mr. Burton, from his genuineness and ability, is a fit representative of America, needed no emphasis. He will speak in universities from Lima to Montevideo, and his itinerary carries him through the principal republics. If, as Mr. Choate hinted, the cordiality roused by the visits of Senator Root in 1906 and Robert Bacon in 1913 has somewhat cooled, the visit is a timely one.

Those ravening railways, with their monstrous desire for more pay in carrying the mails and for an annual determination of mail weights, are scarcely vanquished by the logic of Postmaster-General Burleson's last outburst. He returns to his old contention that, measured by express rates, the roads are really overpaid. The express rate on 100 pounds from Boston to Chicago is $2.50, of which the railway gets for transportation just one-half, or $1.25. The average railway mail pay for 100 pounds between these cities is $2.81, or twice as much. Could proof of Government liberality be more triumphant? But even the ordinary observer is struck by the fact that 100 pounds of express matter will cost a good deal over $2.50 if mailed in twenty separate packages, and that 100 pounds of mail represents hundreds of units, occupying a space vastly larger than one bulky parcel. The Postmaster-General, again, points out that the Government pays the railways $1.20 on a 20-pound package sent by parcel post from New York to Chicago, while the express companies pay the roads $0.64 on such a package. But the express companies have just been granted a hearing by the Interstate Commerce Commission with a view to increased rates, they having shown that in 1914 their operations resulted in a deficit of $2,000,000. It is apparently a necessity that they receive more from their patrons and pay the railways more. Why Mr. Burleson should object to the obviously fair proposal to substitute annual for quadrennial weighings is a mystery. The country, as he admits, was pretty well convinced by the railway "propaganda" that the bills just defeated in Congress did not give enough to the roads; it has not yet had reason to change its mind.

If there is a real pacifist in this country he would seem to be Gen. Hugh L. Scott. While other officers talk war as a way to peace, he goes about preventing hostilities by means of his rare knowledge of men, his wide experience, and particularly by his familiarity with the sign-language of our red men. Wherever he goes he seems to be successful in stopping bloodshed. Just now it is the small outstanding group of Piutes whom he has converted to the paths of peace. Last year he brought to a prompt ending by skilful diplomacy the firing over the border at Naco by two Mexican forces. Earlier in the year he had headed off what looked like a threatening outbreak of Navajoes. In 1911 he poured oil on troubled waters among the Hopi Indians in Arizona, just as in 1908 he had soothed the Navajoes and Kickapoos in New Mexico and Arizona, leaving his duties as Superintendent of West Point to accomplish this. Other officers have received the medal of honor for gallantry during hostilities; Gen. Scott surely deserves it as a peacemaker, for he has saved many lives.

It is impossible not to see in two recent decisions of Federal courts evidence of the changed Governmental attitude towards big business. One United States Circuit Court reversed the court below in the matter of the prosecution of the National Cash Register Company, and another dismissed the proceedings against the Shoe Machinery Company. Both cases may be carried further, but, even so, these judicial opinions are a sign of the times. They show a growing public belief that it is not for the Department of Justice to seize upon the Anti-Trust act as if it were a gun and go to shooting promiscuously, since, in the phrase of President Roosevelt's Attorney-General, you could hardly miss when there was so much game to be flushed. Judges are but human, and inevitably respond to the feeling of the community in such matters. As that feeling is, just now, one of marked considerateness for railways and large corporations, so long as they do not flagrantly disregard the law, it is inevitable that the courts should be found inclining the same way. Great enterprises may be reasonably assured for some time to come that, at all events, the statutes will not be tortured by the judges.

Quite in line with this changed attitude of the courts, is the talk of President Wilson about the aims and hopes of the new Federal Trade Commission. He announces that, far from being a scourge to business, it will endeavor to give "constructive" aid to every legitimate industry. That these assurances will be welcomed by men of large affairs, is plain from the position taken by Major Henry L. Higginson, of Boston. Writing in the last issue of the *Market World and Chronicle*, he declares that the President's point of view, as he understands it, is correct and helpful. Major Higginson has, of course, many complaints to make of the over-regulation of business and the discouragement of enterprise by ill-considered legislation, yet he evidently thinks that a better day is at hand:

> No one will deny that wrongs have been done in the business of the country; but no one will believe that two wrongs make a right. Granting that the Government regulations have done good in certain ways (and no doubt they have), yet none of them have done so much good as the Government can do now by taking its hands off, letting people alone, and instructing the various Commissions not to proceed against corporations as a criminal lawyer proceeds, but as judges, fair-minded, open-minded, and industrious in learning the facts with regard to that which they judge.

The form which Bryn Mawr's memorial to the late Carola Woerishoffer has taken is not only such as she herself would have desired, but constitutes a recognition of the interest which college men and women are displaying in the kind of activity that claimed her energies. Her memory is to be perpetuated in a professorship of social economy (with which is to be combined a directorship of a department of social research), in two resident fellowships in social research, in a secretaryship of the same subject, and ultimately in the appointment also of a reader in social economy. Appreciation of these foundations would be assured by the single fact that one-fourth of all the Bryn Mawr graduates are engaged in some kind of social work, paid or unpaid. The memorial is of a rare and noble individuality; and also an evidence of the close connection between the thoughts of the college world and the needs of the world outside its walls.

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AT LAST A BLOCKADE.

The British fleet has instituted a blockade effectively controlling by cruiser "cordon" all passage to and from Germany by sea.

This formal language of Sir Edward Grey, in reply to the note of inquiry and protest addressed by our State Department to the British Government, shows that there is to be no further dispute over words. The correct phrase is finally uttered by England—an effective blockade. Why it was not used from the first remains a mystery. The explanation offered is that the desire was to have a blockade without all its rigors. Extreme tenderness for neutrals dictated, it is said, the vagueness of the Prime Minister's announcement and the Order in Council. But the leading neutral at once pointed out to Great Britain that what it wanted was not considerateness, but legality and definiteness. Our State Department was strictly within the facts when it informed the British Government that the "course of action" proposed by it was one "previously unknown to international law."

Neutrals now know where they stand. In this change of attitude, we do not doubt that the representations of our Government and the position taken by the larger part of the American press were a direct and potent factor. We should add that many influential English newspapers held from the first that their Government ought not to shrink from using the word "blockade," if it really intended the thing. Thus the London *Spectator* of March 6 very fairly stated the American position when it represented the United States as saying: "Proclaim a blockade such as we have experienced or read of in past wars—a proper blockade with legal sanction and everything handsome about it—and we shall have no right to complain, even though none of our trade can pierce the line. What we cannot tolerate is that you should act upon a general principle, and that we should never know how and where the stroke will fall upon our trade." To that the English reply, declared the *Spectator*, ought to be "clear and explicit." "We sincerely hope that the Government will make it clear to the United States that, in Stevenson's phrase, she cannot 'fight us with a word.'" Well, the magic word has, in the end, been spoken by England. The British fleet has established an effective blockade.

On the main question, this is the end of the controversy. England has the right to exert her sea-power to the full in blockading Germany. It does not lie in the mouth of America to object to this. The United States maintained a blockade which injured British trade and industry much more than this blockade will injure ours. The American blockade lasted for four years. The present one may not be maintained more than six or eight months. It was the blockade of the Confederate ports that, in the opinion of so competent a student of our Civil War as Charles Francis Adams, did more than even our armies in the field to break down the Confederacy. And nowhere will it be better understood than in Germany that the total cutting off of her exports and imports by sea will be a harder blow at her than ten British army corps could strike. To predict the military consequences would be rash. This constricting *iron ring about Germany may lead her* rulers to venture a desperate trial of naval strength with England. The German battleships may come out. On the other hand, if the conviction gradually settles down upon Germany that she cannot win in this war, it may be decided to be good policy to keep the fleet intact, as a form of trading material when the time comes to discuss the terms of peace.

All this is at present pure guesswork. But the certain thing is that England has met and removed the grievance of the United States. Details of the blockade may yet have to be discussed; but its main bulwarking by recognized principles of international law has been satisfactorily done. Our State Department frankly admitted that the changed conditions of modern naval warfare compel certain modifications of the old technique of the blockade. Its "radius of activity" may be greatly enlarged. Its line of patrol need not be so definitely fixed. The essentials are merely that a blockade be notified, and that it be made effective. Having complied with this requirement, the British Government is at liberty to make such subordinate concessions to neutral trade as it pleases. Such an undertaking as it has already agreed to in the case of cotton ships from America, it could extend in various directions, if it saw fit. It is probable, however, that the ingenuity of British lawyers, and the resources of British diplomacy, will not be seriously taxed by the problem what to do with neutral ships on the way to Germany or coming from German ports. With an effective blockade established, such ships have no longer any rights in those waters. Having none, they will, if their owners are wise, keep away.

THE STATECRAFT OF MILITARISM.

The failure of German diplomacy has been the theme of general comment since the opening of the war. Its representatives have been made the subject of endless criticism and satire. That the fearful mess they have made is not, however, to be explained simply as a matter of personal shortcomings must have been a common feeling. But between this and a clear and comprehensive understanding of the fundamental trouble there is a great difference. Such an understanding is supplied in an extraordinarily effective and illuminating manner by Prof. Munroe Smith, in his paper, "Military Strategy versus Diplomacy," which has just appeared in the *Political Science Quarterly*.

Its general purport may be inferred from its title; but the method he has followed in the discussion is peculiarly happy. "I shall hardly be accused," he says, "of adopting a utopian standard for the conduct of international politics if I base my criticism mainly on the practice and doctrines of Prince Bismarck." The major part of the paper might not improperly be described as an examination of what really took place when—if we may hark back to *Punch's* famous cartoon—William II dropped the pilot twenty-five years ago. So long as Bismarck was at the helm, the policy of the Empire was determined primarily by considerations of statesmanship; since his time the soldier's point of view has been uppermost. It may seem strange to some that the man who built the German Empire upon the foundation of a series of wars can be made to serve as the exponent of any type whatever of anti-militarist doctrine. But the truth is that with Bismarck military prowess was never the first word, and never the last. It was an engine of statecraft, not the determinant of national policy.

The supreme domination of the military mind in the affairs of Germany is the primary cause of that amazing miscalculation of the human elements which characterized her entrance upon the present gigantic war. How utterly she failed to place herself in the position of being either really or apparently the party wantonly attacked; how poor she had allowed herself to become either in alliances or in friendly neutralities; how hopelessly wrong were her estimates of what would be done by Belgian patriotism, and of what would happen in England—all this is familiar to everybody. Under Bismarck's rule, such a situation was inconceivable; and it was inconceivable not

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only because he was a man of genius, but also because he was not in the habit of looking upon readiness for instant battle, with overwhelming numbers and war-supplies, as the sufficient measure of a nation's strength. The conflict existed in his own time. More than once he came into collision with the great Moltke on this issue, both in time of peace and in time of war. In his memoirs he states the general doctrine plainly: "The determination and limitation of the objects which are to be attained by war . . . are and remain, during the war as before its outbreak, political problems; and the way in which these are solved cannot be without influence upon the conduct of the war." More specific is this passage from a speech in the Reichstag in 1888:

> If I were to come before you and say: We are seriously menaced by France and by Russia; it is to be foreseen that we shall be attacked; that is my conviction as a diplomatist, based also on military information; for our defence it is better to employ the anticipatory thrust of the attack and open hostilities at once; accordingly, I ask the Imperial Diet for a credit of a milliard of marks, in order to start the war against both our neighbors—well, gentlemen, I do not know whether you have sufficient confidence in me to vote such a grant. I hope not. . . . We must not let the advantage of the defensive position escape us, even if at the moment we are . . . superior to our future enemies. . . . Even if we are attacked at an unfavorable moment, we shall be strong enough for our defence. And we shall keep the chance of peace, leaving it to Divine Providence to determine whether in the meantime the necessity of war may not disappear.

What is it that underlies the general belief that German militarism is different in kind from anything to be found in other countries? "In a nation, as in an individual," says Professor Smith, "militarism is a state of mind. The more fully a national mind is militarized, the more difficult it becomes for the political heads of the state to subordinate military to political considerations. They may even fail to give due weight to purely political considerations, because their own minds have been militarized. When this happens, the state itself has become militaristic." In the military mind, two ideas are always ready to assert themselves. One is that war is inevitable; the other that the present is the appointed time. As regards the doctrine that war is bound to come, Bismarck is clearly on record. It is impossible to say that any war is inevitable; "no one can look into the cards held by Providence."

In Germany, unfortunately, militarism has been inseparably connected with something more concrete than the state of mind which is its essence. Reliance on the swiftness of her mobilization has been the fundamental factor in her military calculations. The combination proved fatal. Until the legend of English perfidy and Belgian subserviency was set up, it was Russia's mobilization which formed the one great justification put forward by Germany's apologists. But, as Professor Smith says, the proper answer to mobilization is mobilization, not war. True enough; but not from the standpoint of German militarism. That the advantage of immediate attack is a matter of life or death is an opinion sufficiently tempting to the military mind generally. To the German military mind it was more than an opinion, it was a religion; and in Germany the military mind was the controlling mind of the state. But the moral is not confined to Germany. "In the interest of the peace of the world," says Professor Smith, in conclusion, "it is of the highest importance that the political heads of every state should be ever on their guard against the attempts of their military advisers to convince them that immediate attack is necessary. It is almost always declared to be a 'matter of life or death.' To the nation primarily concerned it is usually, in fact, only a matter of greater or less chance of initial success. To peace, however, it is always a matter of death."

RAMSHACKLE GOVERNMENT FINANCE.

At the moment when New Yorkers are face to face with one of the queerest mixups ever witnessed in regard to the condition of their State finances, the attention of the whole country is sharply directed to the question of how the nation stands in the matter of its income and outgo. The adjournment of Congress has given rise to a series of statements and counter-statements, not indeed so curious as those relating to the situation at Albany, but still leaving a wide latitude for the exercise of the taste and fancy of partisan guessers. It may be set down with confidence that the predictions of a huge deficit at the close of the current fiscal year are far beyond the mark; and, while the statement just given out by Senator Simmons, estimating that deficit at $26,000,000, may err on the other side, it probably does not fall far short of the truth. In the national case, however, unlike that of our State finance, interest centres not on the actual figures—since no immediate action in the way of tax-legislation is in contemplation—but upon the general questions that they force on the attention of the country.

These questions are of two kinds. One relates to the responsibility of the Democratic party, as such, for the impaired condition of the Treasury; the other, of more fundamental importance, to the permanent features of our fiscal methods, the way in which we deal with the problem of national expenditure year after year, no matter what party is in power. Both of these aspects of the situation are dealt with in the statement made by Mr. Fitzgerald, chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations. Of the former, indeed, he had little to say; but that little was strictly to the purpose, so far as it went. Of the charge that the Administration is responsible for the unchecked growth of expenditure, he said little or nothing; preferring to dwell on the failure of the House to exercise that effective control over the public purse which, under a proper system, it could effectively assert. But as to the Democratic legislation—the Underwood Tariff bill—he flatly denied that it could be charged with any part of the blame. Under that act, he pointed out, the estimated receipts from customs for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, were $270,000,000, and from income tax $95,000,000, while the actual receipts were $292,000,000 and $71,000,000, respectively; the shortage, accordingly, was only a little more than one million dollars. It is only since the opening of the war that the customs receipts have fallen below expectations; and surely this cannot be made a ground of censure. As a matter of fact, we note that in the present fiscal year, up to March 19, the customs revenues have been only $150,000,000, against $216,000,000 in the corresponding period a year ago; how seriously this loss of $66,000,000 of revenue, due to the paralysis of the importing trade, affects the balance-sheet, needs no dwelling on, nor is it necessary to defend the Underwood bill from the accusation of having brought it about.

What Mr. Fitzgerald devotes himself to, in the main, is something far more substantial than the bandying back and forth of partisan accusations. Soberly and concisely, but with a quite adequate supply of pointed illustrations, he presents the case for a fundamental improvement of Congressional method in dealing with the nation's finances. Most effective of all is the contrast he draws between the way in which the Committee on Appropriations has dealt with its share of the country's housekeeping and the way

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in which other committees have done theirs. In the four fiscal years 1913-16, the total of the expenditures over which the Committee on Appropriations has control actually *decreased*, as compared with the preceding four-year period (1909-12) by $80,000,000, or 11 per cent.; furthermore, these appropriations were less by $101,000,000 than the estimates submitted and upon which the appropriations were based. On the other hand, the expenditures controlled by the various special committees have not only (as we all know) been steadily and rapidly rising, but in some very important instances have actually gone beyond the estimates submitted by the respective executive departments. For the Agricultural Department, these estimates for the period 1913-16 were $75,288,000, and the appropriations were $77,476,000; for the Post Office Department the estimates were $1,147,000,000, and the appropriations were $1,183,000,000. As Mr. Fitzgerald says:

> It is inevitable that those who administer a service and those who formulate the legislation that determines the activity of a service will be keen to be over-generous rather than critically scrutinizing in providing means to conduct the service. If retrenchment is imperative, they believe it should be done elsewhere, and nothing is done to curtail the service with which they are intimately identified. It is different when many services are handled and the total expenditures must be considered.

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

It has often been said that the Adams family is America's chief contribution to the doctrine of hereditary genius. High ability persistent in a direct line for four generations is rare anywhere: in the United States we have no other instance of it so notable. And if a man like Galton had traced this intellectual inheritance in detail, he would not have failed to note the way in which the special quality of the Adams mind descended from father to son. It has always had, so to speak, a *timbre* of its own. In the first Adams as in the one whose death has just made the country poorer, there were traits that marked off their possessor from other men. To characterize them accurately would be difficult, but everybody knows what they suggest—a certain austerity joined with great personal independence, a gift of incisive speech, breadth of mind accompanied by intense convictions, always a keen sense of public duty, with a Brutus-like firmness in insisting that truth and law have their due course.

A true-bred Adams in all these ways, Charles Francis Adams had an outthrusting personality all his own. For something like forty years he had been a kind of American Socrates, in the sense of being a gad-fly to thought, and of continually driving his fellows to search the foundations of their comfortable opinions. He discharged this function over a wide range of human activities. No one more often stirred more people to exasperation and even resentment, but he cared not for that so long as he stirred them to inquire and to think. His "Chapters on Erie" has been called the first piece of muckraking in the United States. It is a term which he would have abhorred, but in the effect he took a grim satisfaction. To shock his countrymen out of complacent but ill-founded beliefs, to compel them to go to the historical sources, to see the facts clear, and then to think straight about them—this was the aim or, at all events, the result of his work in many lines.

His famous attack on the courses of study at Harvard, with his blunt arraignment of the illiterate undergraduates, was not sustained, on the whole, in the opinion of the judicious, but it produced a mighty fluttering in the college dove-cotes, and doubtless led to reforms. But Charles Francis Adams was always seeking to go behind the conventional thing to the real thing, always taking traditional historians by the ear and making them study the documentary evidence. His researches into the actual social and moral conditions of Puritan New England opened—and pained—many eyes. And much other of his historical writing compelled revision of accepted judgments. His brief Life of his father—a larger work, we understand, is some day to be published—set the whole matter of the relations between England and the United States during our Civil War completely straight. One can imagine the quiet pleasure which he took in publishing the correspondence between his father and Lord Palmerston, over the New Orleans affair, in which the impetuous old English statesman, who had put himself in the wrong, got such a right Adams douche. On our whole Civil War period Mr. Adams thought and wrote much, as witness his noteworthy lectures at Oxford, in 1913; and was working, it is known, upon new material which he had gathered on that subject.

Few nowadays knew that Charles Francis Adams was a soldier. Yet he served all through the Civil War and won the brevet rank of brigadier-general. But this title he at once laid aside, as did Carl Schurz, when the war was over, as if wishing to emphasize his devotion to the peaceful duties of a citizen. These he discharged with a vigor as uncompromising and a patriotism as shining as if he had been leading a storming party against the enemy's fortifications. His military experience stood him in good stead in the performance of one civic duty—his stout and scornful opposition to the abuses and frauds of our pension system. Equally clear-eyed and plain-spoken was he regarding the monstrosities of the protective tariff. The terseness and pungency with which he characterized the rush of the tariff-fed swine to the trough must have left a sting under the hide of even the most hardened and greedy of them.

One outstanding and delightful quality of Mr. Adams, which he displayed to the full in the last decade of his long life, was his open-mindedness and his intellectual curiosity. He never became petrified into a severe dogmatist. It might be said of him, as it has been of another, "He died learning." About him in Washington it was his pleasure to gather young men—students, scientists, even newspaper men—with fresh points of view. No one was so welcome at his table as the man who could enlighten him or quicken his interest in favorite old themes. He was intensely alive to all that was going on in the world. Needless to say, the European war set all his fibres tingling. His general position of hostility to the Germans was made known in letters to the English press. These were naturally more restrained than his personal talk and correspondence. From a private letter written by him no longer ago than March 13, the following characteristic passage may be taken; it was Mr. Adams's comment upon the assertion that Americans do not understand Germany because they "cannot think like Germans":

> Suspecting this in my own case, I have of late confined my reading on this topic almost exclusively to German sources. I have been taking a course in Nietzsche and Treitschke, as also in the German "Denkschrift," illumined by excerpts from the German papers in this country and the official utterances of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. The result has been most disastrous. It has utterly destroyed my capacity for judicial consideration. I can only say that if what I find in those sources is the capacity to think Germanically, I would rather cease thinking at all. It is the absolute negation of everything which has in the past tended to the elevation of mankind, and the installation in place thereof of a system of thorough dishonesty, emphasized by brutal stupidity. There is a low cunning about it, too, which is to me in the last degree repulsive.

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Chronicle of the War

The fall of Przemysl on Monday, after a siege which, with one brief interruption, had lasted since September 2 last year, is perhaps the most important event in the land operations of the war since the German defeat at the battle of the Marne. This fortress, one of the strongest in the world since important additions were made to its defences during the last Balkan war, has been called the key to Austria-Hungary, defending, as it does, approach to the Dual Monarchy towards the south and towards the west. Standing on the River San, it commands the passage of that river in the direction of the Dukla Pass, the key to the Carpathians, and it straddles the main line of railway running from Lemberg, by way of Jaroslav, to Cracow. Thus, so long as Przemysl stood, the Russian advance, either westwards towards Cracow or eastwards over the Carpathians into Hungary, was seriously hampered. By its fall is removed a considerable obstacle to advance in either of these directions, and in addition an army of certainly not less than 100,000 men, and probably nearer 150,000, is released for service elsewhere. More important still, a large number of heavy batteries are freed for use on the line of battle.

Obviously by this exploit the Russians have clinched their hold on Galicia. It is assumed by most of the English military critics that the next step of the Grand Duke Nicholas will be to undertake another offensive against Cracow, and so inaugurate the long awaited invasion of Silesia, and carry the war definitely into German territory. This course is certainly open to the Grand Duke, and not only would a strong thrust against the Austrian line on the Dunajec and Nida Rivers menace Cracow, but it would endanger the entire Austro-German position in Poland. An Austrian defeat on the Nida would almost undoubtedly necessitate a retirement along the whole line of the Bzura and Rawka towards the German frontier. Nevertheless, it is possible that the English critics in their prognostications have allowed the wish to father the thought, and are again harboring dreams of the advance of the steam-roller towards Berlin. Before the rich industrial district of Silesia can be penetrated, Cracow must be taken, and Cracow might prove another Przemysl. It is not a fortress, like Przemysl, but a fortified camp on the order of Paris, and it is certain that since the war began its defences have been enormously strengthened. When it was threatened before, an exodus began of the 300,000 civilian inhabitants, and although it would no doubt be impossible to turn it into a purely military stronghold, as was Przemysl, it would still be capable of offering a stubborn resistance to the inferior siege guns of the Russians.

The probability, then, appears to be that the Grand Duke, while maintaining sufficient pressure on the Nida-Dunajec line, will direct his principal effort towards the south, where there is no formidable fortification to bar his way. For Russia, Austria is the more immediate enemy, and the invasion of Hungary the most direct means of bringing the enemy to his knees. The fall of Przemysl coincides with the beginning of spring; in a few weeks the passes of the Carpathians will be practicable, and we may therefore expect the inauguration of a strong offensive against the Austrian lines defending the mountain passes, where for months there has been a virtual deadlock. Russian success here would compel the Austrian forces again to evacuate Eastern Galicia and Bukowina.

Warnings repeatedly issued to the British public by the Official Press Bureau and by naval experts against undue optimism regarding the immediate success of operations in the Dardanelles were amply justified last week. On March 18 the Allied fleet undertook the heaviest bombardment which has yet been brought to bear on the Turkish forts on both sides of the Narrows. According to the French official statement, the bombardment was principally directed against Forts Kilid Bahr and Kanak Kalesi. Souain Dere, Dardanus, and Kepes Kalesi were also bombarded. After a period of long-distance fire the French squadron advanced up the straits to engage the forts at closer range, and in this engagement the battleship Bouvet was sunk, presumably by a floating mine, drifting down with the current, and the Gaulois was temporarily put out of action by gunfire from the forts. Later in the day the French squadron was relieved by British battleships, and the Irresistible and the Ocean were sunk, again by mines. The Bouvet went down immediately, and few of her crew were rescued. The British battleships remained afloat for some time after being struck and virtually all of their crews were rescued.

The loss of the pre-dreadnought battleships is not in itself a particularly serious matter, and consolation can be found by the British in the more important fact that the crews were saved. On land guns are worth more than men; on sea men are worth more than ships. Since this disaster, it is stated that constant storms have prevented a serious renewal of the operations, and the same cause has interfered with reconnaissance work by aviators. Consequently we have no trustworthy information from the Allies' point of view as to the amount of damage inflicted by the bombardment on the forts. Turkish accounts declare that it was ineffective. Operations, it is announced, will be renewed at the earliest possible moment, and it is obvious that a far heavier loss than has so far been sustained would not be out of proportion to the importance of a successful issue to the operations. It seems almost certain, however, that such an issue can only be achieved by coöperation between the fleet and a considerable army on land, and it is not improbable that the Allied fleet is awaiting the reinforcements of the land army that are on their way before making another serious attempt to force the passage of the Narrows.

The occupation of Memel, reported in the official dispatch from Petrograd of March 19, was doubtless only a sporadic raid, and without strategic importance. The place was retaken by the Germans two days later. More important have been Russian statements last week announcing a struggle for position in front of Przasnysz, and the announcement in Monday's official report of an offensive undertaken from Tauroggen, which resulted in the capture of Laugszargen, just within the Prussian boundary. Taken in conjunction with a certain reticence in Berlin, these events may indicate a resumption of the Russian offensive towards East Prussia.

Foreign Correspondence

AMERICA AND ENGLAND—THE RAPPROCHEMENT OF THE ALLIES.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, March 5.

The absorbing topic of the moment is, of course, the relations of Great Britain and the United States, in connection with the former's reply to Germany's intimation of a submarine "blockade." Mr. Asquith's speech in the House of Commons, on March 1 (which, by the way, some members of the House consider one of his most successful Parliamentary efforts), is generally regarded with distinct approval, as meeting the German menace in a manner at once effective and justifiable. In spite of sporadic and sensational newspaper paragraphs to the contrary, I think the general feeling of England towards America is one of genuine regard and consideration, mingled perhaps with a little perplexity as to some of the measures of the United States Government. I am now (as often before) rather tempted to believe that, below the surface, the British regard for America is really deeper and warmer than that of America for Great Britain. We can never forget that the founders of the United States were bone of our bone, and the very fact that we sometimes avail ourselves of the excessive candor common among members of the same family is itself an indirect proof of this. Britons are apt to criticise each other in a much more frank and even brutal manner than is elsewhere customary, and it is true to say that their diplomatic courtesy varies inversely as their sense of kinship. I well recollect, for example, the wave of strong resentment that ran through the British Isles at the time of the Spanish-American war when there was some threat of European interference in what we considered to be America's business only. And we cannot help remembering that England showed its sympathy for the cause of the North in the Civil War by a good deal of toleration for the (at first) somewhat irregular and ineffective blockade of the South.

We find it hard to realize that the United States is no longer a purely or even very predominantly Anglo-Saxon community. We recognize, in this present struggle, that the United States has really tried to preserve the even keel of neutrality, and that she has done so, on the whole, with great success. Some of us, however, feel just a little as if there was a slight tendency to make too much of the accidental trampling down of America's herbaceous border by one of the combatants, in the course of this deadly struggle. The analogy, of course, is not quite adequate; there is much more than a "herbaceous border" involved. But we are also strongly convinced—rightly or wrongly—that we are actually fighting America's battles, and that nothing can be better for America's commerce and general prosperity than the speedy success of the Allies. It is from this point of view that we—again rightly or wrongly—feel that America should be as considerate as possible in her judgment of the somewhat extreme measures we are driven to adopt. The more intelligent among us recognize, I think, that this consideration has actually been shown to a very large extent; and there is a strong feeling that we should reciprocate, as far as it is consistent with our military

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necessities, and make all the concessions we can. We are not blind to the merit of the plea that, while a breach of international law by one belligerent may justify a counter-stroke of a similar character, these two "blacks" do not make a "white" for the neutral countries, and that they are therefore justified in calling attention to this fact. We are, to some extent, between the Devil and the deep sea; but in our desire to propitiate America there is much of a friendly feeling that is not directly associated with selfish ends.

Among the new and powerful fertilizers introduced by the war into the native soil of British character, and likely to produce large crops in the future, is the extraordinary *rapprochement* between Great Britain and the Allies. We are all Belgians, or Frenchmen, or Russians now. There is hardly a family of my acquaintance among whom the table-talk at this moment is not as likely to be in French as in English. A Belgian refugee is as necessary as a piano for any well-conducted household, though a portrait of King Albert may be accepted as an equivalent in exceptional cases. Belgian newspapers have transferred their offices to London, and are much in evidence in our streets. The Antwerp *Métropole* has found refuge in the office of the *Standard*, and appears for the time being as a French page of that journal. No form of patriotic service is more popular than teaching our "Tommies" French; and the women at the "Tipperary" clubs (founded for the dependents of the soldiers at the front), determined not to lag behind their spouses, are also clamoring for lessons in the language of the Gaul. French dictionaries or phrase-books are found lurking in packets of cigarettes. A common sight in the streets is a borouche or motor-car, filled with somewhat bashful Belgian convalescents, shepherded by a fashionable lady.

To a lesser degree the same spirit of camaraderie has been extended to Russia and the Russians. The idealistic, semi-mystical books of Mr. Stephen Graham are widely read, and his accounts of the lovable and childlike Russians are lulling the misgivings of many faint hearts who misdoubted our alliance with the Orientals of Europe. Mr. Graham finds an admirable supporter in the American correspondent, Mr. Stanley Washburn, whose interesting letters from the Russian front appear in the *Times*. We are reminding ourselves, too, that Russia has never (or hardly ever) been guilty of a war of aggression; and we are confidently hoping that the beneficial contagion of her democratic Allies will react strongly to the ultimate benefit of Finland and Poland. A few rather naturally irreconcilable Jews, like Mr. Zangwill, still raise outcries against more or less mythical pogroms; but their voices hardly disturb the prevalent feeling of good will towards Muscovy. The London County Council and the University of London, among other bodies, have instituted classes and lectures for the teaching of the Russian language and literature. Professor Vinogradoff, in an admirable little book called "The Russian Problem," shows us in a severely practical spirit how we can help the Russian people to avail themselves of the new opportunity for reform offered by this great crisis.

It is really extraordinary to see the inroads already made on our insularity by this free intercourse with the foreigner. A typical young Briton, busily employed in ambulance service at the base, reports that "the Belgian wounded are just about as fine fellows as the British soldiers themselves," and this infinitesimal chipping of his insular shell means a good deal. The first flush of sentimental sympathy with the defenders of Liège may have died down a little, but that only means that our neighborly feeling for Belgium is being more solidly planted on a basis of understanding. Our debt to the Belgians is recognized as quite independent of emotional feeling, and it is with perfect coolness of head that we are trying in various ways to provide the refugees with employment that will benefit both them and ourselves. The Government Commission, of which Sir Ernest Hatch is chairman, will undoubtedly recommend the adoption, throughout the country, of the so-called "Bradford Scheme," the main feature of which is the combination of educational opportunity and industrial activity. There is comparatively little room for the Belgians in the ordinary industries of this country, and even the war industries have their full complement of workmen. The suggestion is that workshops should be established for making clothes, furniture, and light ironmongery for the use of the Belgians themselves, especially as such industries as these must ultimately be built up again in Belgium.

The Poetry of Edward Dowden

By MARTIN W. SAMPSON.

Through the recent publication of two collections of the late Professor Dowden's admirable letters, the two-volume reprint, with many later additions, of his almost inaccessible 1876 volume of verse; and the appearance, late last year, of the anonymous poetical cycle, "A Woman's Reliquary"—the world of readers is admitted to intimacy with the heart and soul of a man whose splendid mind had already been revealed in numerous volumes of literary criticism. Wholly fluent in idea and expression as the essays and letters are, the essence of the man's nature is to be found in the poems.*

During his entire career as professor and critic, Edward Dowden kept alive his power of verse, writing somewhat charily, indeed, though never penalizing himself by over-cautious waiting for just the right leisure that should involve just the right mood. Inspiration was always present, but he seems to have permitted himself to seize it only when some spontaneous emotion tempted to prompt utterance, or, and this is the prevailing use, when some long-stored-up thought became surcharged with feeling and demanded the outlet which prose was impotent to give. Consequently, there is no writing for duty, no composition from mere habit, but an ever-increasing contemplation of the deep and the intimate, which culminates in the all but secret lyrics of the "Reliquary." Many of the earlier poems, and most of the later, are weighted, indeed now and then overburdened, with thoughtfulness, not bookish or dry, but the meditated utterance that springs from an ever guarded communion of heart and brain.

There is no important line of division among the groups of poems, save that some of the earlier experiments were not repeated—essays in character analysis of Greek heroines, or semi-narrative handling of incident and situation. These were forms not wholly mastered, since Dowden's poetic gift was not objective; the themes led too far away from his real inspiration, which was, essentially, personal experience in its deeper implications. Apart from these interesting efforts to create non-personal experience, the prevailing inspiration just indicated gives such unity to the poems as to make of little value a differentiation based upon chronological sequence or upon technically varying modes of utterance. Sonnet and free lyric, early verse and late, are all animated by the impulse of self-revelation. This impulse is the farthest possible remove from egotistic use of trivial experience for publishing purposes, or from experience-seeking for the sake of deliberate exploitation; it is the acceptance of moving experience when it comes, and the expression of it because it has been absorbed into the poet's very habit of thought, renewing and strengthening his character and mind. An hour on the cliffs or in the woods, a child asleep, Dürer's Melancolia, alike, provide immediate access to the deeps of thought, and after the impulse has struck home, the utterance follows surely and clearly. This very clearness, moreover, indicates that the experience is typical, that other like moments have been held in reserve, fallowing the ground: no poem exhausts the mood which created it.

"A Child's Noonday Sleep" may serve as illustration of this poetic process. The simple tenderness of the beginning leads one to await a description of the familiar charm implied in the title. But the almost immmediate reach to the profound leaves the child as the symbol of a wider reality; and instead of one more poem on "that which is most worthy to be blest," we have a large poetic conception, original and true. It is here, too, of course, that something of danger lies—this moving from a tangible concreteness towards what might so readily prove a futile abstraction. That the end reached was not an abstraction to the poet, but a concrete reality, is obvious enough; but this habit of thought removes from the poet the hope of great popular appeal, since intangible concreteness is to most readers abstractness only. A few stanzas follow:

**Poems.* By Edward Dowden. Two volumes. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 6s. each.

A Woman's Reliquary. Dundrum: The Cuala Press.

A Woman's Reliquary. Second edition. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 4s. 6d. net.

Letters of Edward Dowden and His Correspondents. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.

Fragments from Old Letters; E. D. to E. D. W. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 4s. 6d. net.

Fragments from Old Letters; E. D. to E. D. W. Second Series. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. 4s. 6d. net.

All of these volumes, except that of the Cuala Press, are issued in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co.

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. . . Because nor song of bird, nor lamb's keen call
May reach you sunken deep,
Because your lifted arm I thus let fall
Heavy with perfect sleep;

. . . Therefore though tempests gather, and the gale
Through autumn skies will roar,
Though Earth send up to heaven the ancient wail
Heard by dead Gods of yore;

. . . Yet, know I, Peace abides, of earth's wild things
Centre, and ruling thence;
Behold, a spirit folds her budded wings
In confident innocence.

One of Dowden's two main sources of inspiration is nature. In this communion the poet truly felt the presence that disturbed him with the joy of elevated thoughts. It is not an echo of Wordsworth, however; it is a direct and personal note, possessing, of course, such harmony with Wordsworth as the truth of that great poet's teaching has made imperative on the civilization of our day. In the sonnets and other lyrics there are occasional echoes of the language and imagery of Keats and Shelley—not imitations, but such irrepressible reminiscence as perhaps ought to be full in the memory of a critic who deeply appreciated his predecessors in poetry. The resemblance is external only; the final mood of these nature poems is consecration, sometimes expressed, oftener implied. Two short poems may be quoted:

TWO INFINITIES.

A lonely way, and as I went my eyes
Could not unfasten from the Spring's sweet things,
Lush-sprouted grass, and all that climbs and clings
In loose, deep hedges, where the primrose lies
In her own fairness, buried blooms surprise
The plunderer bee and stop his murmurings,
And the glad flutter of a finch's wings
Outstartle small blue-speckled butterflies.
Blissfully did one speedwell plot beguile
My whole heart long; I loved each separate flower,
Kneeling. I looked up suddenly—Dear God!
There stretched the shining plain for many a mile,
The mountains rose with what invincible power,
And how the sky was fathomless and broad!

IN THE TWILIGHT.

A noise of swarming thoughts,
A muster of dim cares, a foil'd intent,
With plots and plans, and counterplans and plots;
And thus along the city's edges gray
Unmindful of the darkening autumn day
With a droop'd head I went.

My face rose—through what spell?
Not hoping anything from twilight dumb;
One star possess'd her heaven. Oh! all grew well
Because of thee, and thy serene estate:
Silence . . . I let thy beauty make me great;
What though the black night come.

Dowden's other main inspiration is the well-spring from which all poets draw, love. Here it is not "passion" under any of its masks, nor any other form of egotism; but loyal, high-minded love, devoted and enduring. Its lofty treatment is most clearly revealed in its constant association with aspiration, with sacrifice, with religious feeling. The fine sonnet, "Love-Tokens," stands as testimony:

I wear around my forehead evermore
The circlet of your praise, pure gold; and how
I walk forth crown'd, the approving angels know,
And see how I am meeker than before,
Being thus proud. For roses my full store,
Upon a cheek where flowers will scantly blow,
Is your lips' one immortal touch, and lo!
All shame deserts my blood to the heart's core.
Dare I display love's choicest gift—this scar
Still sanguine-hued? Here ran your sudden brand
Sheer through the starting flesh, and let abroad
A traitor's life; your wrathful eyes afar
Had doom'd him first. Ah, gracious, valiant hand
Which drew me bleeding to the feet of God!

So, too, "Watershed":

Now on life's crest we breathe the temperate air;
Turn either way; the parted paths o'erlook;
Dear, we shall never bid the Sphinx despair,
Nor read in Sibyl's book.

The blue bends o'er us; good are Night and Day;
Some blissful influence from the starry Seven
Thrilled us ere youth took wing; wherefore essay
The vain assault on heaven?

And what great Word Life's singing lips pronounce,
And what intends the sealing kiss of Death,
It skills us not; yet we accept, renounce,
And draw this tranquil breath.

Enough; one thing we know, haply anon
All truths; yet no truths better or more clear
Than that your hand holds my hand; wherefore on!
The downward pathway, Dear!

The pure lyric quality that imperious grief finds not alien is in "A Wish":

Could I roll off two heavy years
That lie on me like lead;
And see you past their cloudy tears,
Nor dream that you are dead,

I would not touch your lips, your hair,
Your breast, that once were mine;
Ah! not for me in Faith's despair
Love's sacramental wine.

Find you I must for only this
In some new earth or heaven,
To bear my sorry heart, and kiss
Your feet and be forgiven.

But most of all, the cycle of a hundred and one lyrics, "A Woman's Reliquary," a sequence not unfairly to be termed a masculine counterpart of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," gives the record of a love that is clear, mature, based upon the very foundations of a strong and tender soul, and responsive to shade after shade of impulse and of thought. Far from passion in the slighter sense, it is full of the passion that is part of controlled strength. The cycle is a genuine whole, not of narrative, nor even of developing mood, but of comprehensive declaration of the significance of "life's central word." Selection from the poems only scantly suggests the intimate revelation that is like sunlight behind passing clouds, illuminating suddenly here a broad expanse and here an else unseen woodland corner. Another image will be in the mind of every reader of the poems. They are a shrine, a chapel whose privacy is not disturbed by the wide-open door, for those who enter will be pilgrims to whom the secret gift is precious. Less as specimens than as hints these poems are quoted:

A MOMENT.

Free forester of Dian's train,
Yet swift arms girdled her about
At one glad word: and how refrain?
The dikes were down, the floods were out:

Life was abroad; it was not I
Who wrought a thing I knew not of;
It was the whole world's ecstasy
That woke and trembled into love.

LOVE'S CHORD.

Stand off from me; be still your own;
Love's perfect chord maintains the sense
Through harmony, not unison,
Of finest difference.

See not as I see; set your thought
Against my thought; call up your will
To grapple mine; gay bouts we fought,
Let us be wrestlers still.

Then if we cannot choose but mate
And mingle wholly, it will be
The doom of law, a starry fate,
And glad necessity.

THE INTERPRETER.

Have I not looked away from you?
When to the compass of one face
Did I contract the revenue
Of beauty or the springs of grace?

But if a deeper heaven lies bare
Now; and a more enchanted sea
Heaves; if the lit clouds are aware;
If the first star with mystery

Is laden; if some tremulous need
Stirs in the midnight's brooding wings,
Shall I not search your eyes to read
The secret in the face of things?

The rare quality of the "Reliquary" is evident on every page; it denotes a serene and confident happiness: no passing from hope to despair, from grief to joy; yet with no trace of monotony in its serenity, so varied is its impulse. It is a tribute of penetrating power: thus even in our modern world and life may a man celebrate with chastened romantic vision and generous high-mindedness some of the innumerable meanings of a happy love. And even unconsciously the poet has made it a lasting monument of his own character: the generous, fine soul that was Dowden's is here set down in permanence.

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Book Notes and Byways

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

THE REVISED EDITION OF BARTLETT'S FAMOUS WORK, AND SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER FUTURE REVISION.

By A. D. NOYES.

Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations"* is one of those books which occupy a place by themselves in the library of well-read men. It was the labor of a lifetime, and it was a labor of love. First compiled as long ago as 1855, this "collection of passages, phrases, and proverbs, traced to their sources in ancient and modern literature," was constantly enlarged. The duties of senior partner in an important publishing house did not divert Mr. Bartlett from his interesting avocation. The ninth edition, published in 1891, when the author had reached the age of seventy-one, was announced by him as his final revision; or, as he modestly put it, the volume with that edition "closed its tentative life."

Bartlett died in 1905; twenty-four years have, therefore, elapsed since his own last revision of the book, and ten since the author's death. During such a lapse of time, not only are new "familiar quotations" certain to enter the field of literary and popular favor, but quotations as old as those already in the collection, as familiar, and yet overlooked by the collector, will be brought to the attention of readers, and the process of "tracing to their sources" the well-known passages and phrases will be extended. Revision of Bartlett's own last edition, such as is undertaken in the volume under review, was, therefore, timely, and the work has produced some tangible results. How far it can be said fully to have performed the task of rounding out, completing, and bringing up to date the collection as it left the author's hands, is a question which will require careful examination, both of the old and the new edition.

Nobody knows better than readers who have for years used Bartlett as a *vade mecum* that the title "Familiar Quotations" is far from describing the bulk of the contents of his book. In the preface to his own ninth and last edition, Bartlett remarks that "numberless curious and happy turns, from orators and poets, have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them; but to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the reader would recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this collection." The collector, however, consistently disregarded his own criterion, and the reader is glad of it. The words, phrases, and sayings that all the world knows, and for a search of whose authorship or pedigree a book of this sort is invaluable, are in his collection, and readily traced through his very copious index. But it would not be overstating the case to say that quotations which will strictly answer to his title make up possibly only a tenth part of the contents of Bartlett's last edition. The rest consists of what might more accurately be called "Striking Quotations," or "Characteristic Quotations," or "Apposite Quotations." But these are so admirably selected that no reader would willingly dispense with them. Anthologies of the right sort are vastly more readable than dictionaries, and the fact that Bartlett does not live up severely to the title of his book explains the charm of it.

Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole, who has undertaken the work of revision for the tenth edition, does not pretend to apply the rule as rigidly as Bartlett professed to do. His preface merely assures us that selections from older authors have been filled out, and that new authors "are represented by passages which have met with the seal of popular approval and are distinctly worthy of perpetuation." This does not necessarily mean "Familiar Quotations"; and, as a matter of fact, the four pages of Whitman (whom Bartlett did not quote at all), the five extracts newly introduced from Gladstone, the page of Thoreau —not to mention a dozen other writers, including Stevenson—are made up entirely of citations which may interest the general reader, but which are not in the least familiar to him. In the two pages added under Longfellow, "Ships that pass in the night" is perhaps the only widely known passage; Bartlett had all the rest that would be recognized at sight.

This latitude in applying the test has not prevented Mr. Dole from adding numerous really Familiar Quotations overlooked by Bartlett, and still others from writers not in vogue during Bartlett's time. A good many of these had been included in other collections published since Bartlett's own last edition; but that was no reason for not including them in the present revision. Carlyle's "respectable professors of the dismal science," apropos of the political economists, his "unspeakable Turk," from a paper of 1831, and his remark on the press as the "fourth estate," should have been found by Bartlett—though it will be observed that Mr. Dole does not quote the last-named passage correctly, nor call attention to the fact that Carlyle virtually repeats Macaulay's "the gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm," published a dozen years earlier. Bartlett had overlooked the extract from Macaulay entirely, and it appears without cross-reference in the new edition.

Two other quotations from Carlyle—the definition of genius as "the transcendent capacity of taking trouble," from the chapter on Frederick the Great's father, and the description of Parliamentary debates as addressed to "twenty-seven millions, mostly fools"—are rightly added to Bartlett's citations, especially since the first of them is usually quoted inaccurately as "capacity for infinite painstaking." The old edition had missed Disraeli's "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me"; "The right honorable gentleman caught the Whigs bathing and walked away with their clothes"; his "Sophisticated rhetorician, inebriated with the exuberance of his own verbosity" —all of which Mr. Dole incorporates, and all of which are undoubtedly familiar. Lincoln's "It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river" is from a duly reported speech, which Bartlett had overlooked. Joel Chandler Harris now appears for the first time, and "Brer Fox, he lay low," will meet the severest test.

"He chortled in his joy" and "'The time has come,' the Walrus said, 'to speak of many things,'" were possibly not so familiar in 1891 as now, though "Alice in Wonderland" had long been in print, even then. W. S. Gilbert's "I am the cook and the captain bold," "The policeman's lot is not a happy one," and "To let the punishment fit the crime," are certainly familiar quotations; even Bartlett probably ignored them because of the curious notion of his day that Gilbert was not literature, but comic opera. As for Mr. Roosevelt's "square deal" and "strenuous life" aphorisms, they saw the light long after Bartlett's own last edition. Mr. Dole judges rightly in including them, with the date and occasion of their utterance. He might have hunted up also the first allusion to "muckraking," "undesirable citizens," and "malefactors of great wealth," to which nobody would at present refuse a place; any more than he would, since ast July, to Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's "Just for a scrap of paper"—so rapidly do Familiar Quotations accumulate.

The editor of the new edition, then, makes good his promise of amplifying and supplementing Bartlett's last edition with other undoubtedly familiar citations. In a number of his additions, he has rescued passages which Bartlett himself would presumably have placed on the list, had they not escaped his search or memory. But while recognizing Mr. Dole's actual amplifications, it is also possible to cite a fairly substantial list of unquestionably Familiar Quotations, even from classic English writers, omitted by Bartlett and not included in this edition.

In spite of the recognized scope and fulness of Bartlett's collection, the experienced reader will often be most impressed with the collector's inexplicable forgetfulness of some of the best-known sayings of some of the best-known authors. Few writers with the gift of trenchant aphorism are more widely known or more habitually quoted than Dr. Samuel Johnson and Dr. Benjamin Franklin, and the citations actually collected by Bartlett prove that he carefully examined "Boswell's Life" and "Poor Richard." This being so, one wonders what curious perversity excluded from the "Familiar Quotations" such remarks of the London philosopher as "I have always said, the first Whig was the Devil," "Marriages would in general be as happy, if not more so, if they were all made by the Lord Chancellor," and "All theory is against the freedom of the will, all experience for it" (these from Boswell); "That stroke of death which eclipsed the gaiety of nations," from the remark on Garrick in the Life of Edmund Smith; "Excise, a hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid" (from the celebrated Dictionary); not to mention the famous reply to the lady who asked why the lexicographer defined pastern as the knee of the horse—"Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." These are of the essence of Familiar Quotations; but Bartlett passed them over in favor of two or three score of far less well-known passages, and so does the present editor.

As for Franklin, it is true that a good many of Poor Richard's proverbs were from the common stock of past generations. But that is also true of those which Bartlett selects, and no aphorisms are either better known or more peculiarly characteristic of Franklin's American shrewdness than "One to-day is worth two to-morrows"; "Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths"; "What maintains one vice would bring up two children"; "If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some"—all of

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which, with others nearly as familiar, are lacking in the latest edition, as they were in the editions which preceded.

The old and the new editions both devote 121 pages to selections from Shakespeare, and the pages are fascinating reading. Yet one might have expected to find among them "It is a man's office, but not yours"; "What's the matter, that you have such a February face?" "Reformation in a flood," "Talk with a man out at a window—a proper saying!" "An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind." These singular omissions, from so perfectly familiar a source, possibly render it less surprising that Bartlett, and with him the revised edition of his book, pass over in the Old Testament citations two such constantly quoted sayings as "The thunder of the captains and the shouting," from Job, and "If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth," from the 137th Psalm.

As to well-known passages of more recent origin, overlooked by Bartlett, I have shown to what extent the new edition has incorporated them. There is nevertheless a considerable number of omissions which have escaped the notice of the reviser. Mr. Dole, in his preface, names Lowell as one author selections from whom have been filled out extensively; and in fact, two pages of citations are added. These are mostly of the less familiar order—which makes it a little singular that not only Bartlett, but his later editor, should have passed over two such well-known extracts from the Biglow Papers as these:

> 'Taln't a knowin' kind of cattle
> That is ketched with mouldy corn,

and

> It takes a mind like Dannel's, fact, ez big ez all ou' doors,
> To find out that it looks like rain arter it fairly pours.

There are other omissions from more celebrated modern authors. The elder Pitt's famous assertion, in his Speech on the American Revolution—"Three millions of people, so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest"—was worth citing, both on its own account and because it inspired an equally famous paraphrase by Daniel Webster; but it has not yet been included in the collection. Two passages from Webster himself, both occurring in the Speech on the Presidential Protest—the one which declares of the American colonists that "they went to war against a preamble, they fought seven years against a declaration," and the other which reminds the Senate that "we have been taught to regard a representative of the people as a sentinel on the watch-tower of liberty,"—are possibly less familiar, but would certainly be more readily recognized than some others which Bartlett and the revised edition have accepted. Both editions have three quotations from Washington, all of them most familiar; but each has overlooked the famous passage from the speech to the Constitutional Convention of 1787: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair; the rest is in the hands of God."

Molière is freely translated and cited by Bartlett; yet the often-quoted remark of the Bourgeois Gentilhomme, "By my faith, I have been talking prose for more than forty years, without ever knowing it," does not appear in either edition. Bartlett made a number of interesting discoveries of present-day Familiar Quotations in Voltaire, and the revised edition does not add to them; but they do not include the French philosopher's citation from Louis XIV, in the "Siècle de Louis Quatorze," "Every time I fill a vacant office I make ten malcontents and one ingrate," a saying which is constantly repeated by writers who never suspect its origin—if indeed its real origin did not antedate Louis and Voltaire. Nor does he recall the same author's often quoted description, in his "Essai sur les Mœurs," of the Holy Roman Empire of the Hapsburgs as "neither holy, nor Roman, nor Empire." Neither edition has anything from Turgot, whose epigram on Franklin—"Eripuit coelo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis"—is nevertheless a quotation very familiar to the reading public.

Bartlett's success in collecting pithy sayings of eminent men, made on incidental occasions, which have yet stuck in the world's memory, is remarkable. The list could, however, have been enlarged. It does not include, for instance, nor does the present revision of his book, three such extremely familiar citations as Bismarck's declaration to the Prussian House of Delegates, on September 30, 1862, that "the great questions of the day are not decided by speeches and majority votes, but by blood and iron"; or Napoleon III's remark on the Prince Imperial's "baptism of fire," in his letter to Empress Eugénie after Saarbrücken; or Gen. Bragg's "We love him for the enemies he has made," in his nominating speech for Cleveland at the Convention of 1884. The first of these three very well-known quotations does not, so far as I am aware, appear in any collection of familiar sayings, except those of exclusively German origin. It is a singular side-light on the lapses of collectors that Mr. Benham's copious London "Book of Quotations" gives "Blood and iron" in its index; the reference being, however, not to Bismarck's historic speech, but to a couple of lines of Swinburne, obviously suggested by it:

> Not with dreams, but with blood and iron,
> Shall a nation be molded at last.

It would not be altogether fair to criticize Bartlett for shortcomings in familiar quotations from the ancient classics; because the selections actually made show the greatest industry and judgment, and because he himself probably realized that those citations, being largely an afterthought, were incomplete in his own last edition. But since Bartlett even so deemed such classical selections worthy of seventy-seven pages, it is to be regretted that the field was not worked over still more thoroughly in the revised edition. Mr. Dole adds nothing to this branch of Familiar Quotations.

Nevertheless, it should not require a classical scholar to discover such an omission in Bartlett's own list as Horace's "Daughter more beautiful than her beautiful mother." Bartlett's general practice of not quoting foreign authors in the original may have ruled out, in the old and the new editions, such passages as Horace's "Integer vitae"; "Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni"; "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus"; "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori"; "Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede," and "Non omnis moriar." Still, Bartlett himself includes, in their English rendering, the "Parturiunt montes," from the "Ars Poetica," and "In pace, ut sapiens, aptârit idonea bello," from the Satires, and no cultivated reader would fail to recognize as old friends the omitted passages to which I have referred. The "Familiar Quotations" gives three passages from Juvenal; but none of them matches in popular familiarity the "Scribendi cacoethes," "Mens sana in corpore sano," "Maxima debetur puero reverentia," "Voluptates commendat rarior usus," and "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"—all of which were susceptible of translation into English, and none of which is included. The exceedingly familiar "Omne ignotum pro magnifico," from the Agricola of Tacitus, is similarly missing, though Tacitus has a page to himself, even in the older edition.

When all such occasional omissions have been summarized, the completeness, good taste, and paramount value of Bartlett's work will none the less be recognized. The editor or publisher who sees to it that the collection is judiciously amplified on the author's own lines, performs a public service. Perhaps nobody could make the collection actually complete. The foregoing list of omissions by Bartlett and his later editor, of really Familiar Quotations, is submitted not at all in a spirit of depreciation, but in the wish that it may contribute towards a still more perfect edition at some future date—a task in which all well-read men should be able to help.

In no respect is there larger opportunity for this service than in amplifying one part of Bartlett's work in which he surpassed all other collectors, and yet in which there is almost indefinite chance for greater completeness. This is what may be called fixing the genealogy of famous sayings, metaphors, or literary passages. For instance, at the time when Bartlett was compiling his Familiar Quotations, a newspaper controversy had arisen as to whether the remark, in a speech of 1885, that "Public office is a public trust," was original with Mr. Cleveland or not. It was soon proved not to have been original. The newspapers traced it back to identical utterances of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, in 1883, and Mr. Dorman B. Eaton in 1881, and most of them stopped there. Bartlett, in his last edition, carried it along to Charles Sumner's remark, in 1872, that "the phrase, 'public office is a public trust,' has of late become common property," and to a speech of Calhoun in 1835, wherein it is declared that "the very essence of a free government consists in considering offices as public trusts." He also unearths still older passages embodying the same general thought; but misses two much closer parallels—"The English doctrine that all power is a trust for the public good," from Macaulay's Essay on Horace Walpole (1833), and "All political power is a trust," from a speech by Charles James Fox in 1788. Probably the saying is much older even than the last-named date.

Now the writers or speakers who repeated or substantially repeated the language of Fox may knowingly have borrowed the phrase, or they may have done so unconsciously. In either case, such repetitions are far removed from plagiarism. Nobody charges that offence against Lincoln's "government of the people, by the people, for the people," in his Gettysburg address of 1863, because Theodore Parker, in his speech at the Boston Anti-Slavery Convention of 1850, had defined a democracy as "government of all the people, by all the people, for all the people," or because Webster, in a celebrated speech of 1830, had spoken of government "made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." It would certainly not be fair to describe as plagiarism Wendell Phillips's assertion in his speech of February, 1861, that "Revolutions

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never go backwards," because Seward had said in his "Irrepressible Conflict" speech of October, 1858: "I know, and all the world knows, that revolutions never go backward."

Such parallelisms may occur through intentional, though wholly legitimate, borrowing. But they may also arise either from the fact that a saying had already become part of the common stock, or from a purely fortuitous recurrence of the same image or idea, or, finally, from the fact that the mind of a writer or speaker was so impregnated with his reading of certain other authors as to reproduce unconsciously the thought or words of an older period. A striking instance of the last-named process, not set forth by Bartlett, occurs in the famous peroration of the Reply to Hayne. Might his last glance, said Webster, behold "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre." Let the reader compare this with the passage in Paradise Lost which describes the rebel angel unfurling

> Th' Imperial *ensign*, which, *full high advanced*,
> Shone like a meteor, *streaming* to the wind,
> With gems and golden *lustre* rich emblazed,
> Seraphic *arms and trophies*.

This is almost certainly an unconscious, though so very close, reproduction of Milton's imagery and words by Webster. And Webster was not the only borrower—witness Gray's "Streamed like a meteor to the troubled air," from "The Bard," and Campbell's "Meteor flag of England," from "Ye Mariners." Only the citation from Gray is given in the "Familiar Quotations" as a parallel passage. "Corporations have no souls" is rightly ascribed by Bartlett to Lord Coke's remark, in a legal opinion of the early seventeenth century, that corporations "cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed nor excommunicate, for they have no souls." But he and the editor of the revised edition have missed the interesting parallel statement from the bench by Lord Thurlow, two centuries later: "Did you ever expect a corporation to have a conscience, when it has no soul to be damned and no body to be kicked?" Recent American jurisprudence might throw a shadow of doubt on the concluding words of the second of these *obiter dicta*.

These are but incidental and haphazard illustrations of the rich field which remains as yet hardly tilled in the study of Familiar Quotations. The kind of literary harvest which should still be reasonably looked for may be judged from the extremely interesting character of some of the literary pedigrees established by Bartlett's own investigations. Macaulay's traveller from New Zealand, who at some remote future date may, "in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's," strikes the reader as a Macaulayism pure and simple. Macaulay wrote the passage in 1840; Bartlett produces a published letter of Horace Walpole, dated 1774, describing how "at last some curious traveller from Lima will visit England and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul."

Probably few people would hesitate to ascribe to Napoleon Bonaparte the familiar saying that "Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions." But Bartlett shows, first, that Napoleon's actual statement was that "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve"; next, that Voltaire, in a letter dated 1770, had remarked, "It is said that God is always on the side of the big battalions," and finally reproduces from Gibbon the interesting parallel, in 1776, that "winds and waves are always on the side of the ablest navigators." Benham's dictionary of quotations adds the considerably older parallelism of the remark of the Comte Bussy-Rabutin, in 1677, "Dieu est d'ordinaire pour les gros escadrons contre les petits." The often-quoted saying that we hate most those whom we have injured (frequently repeated since the German invasion of Belgium) would be attributed correctly by most well-read men to the "Proprium humani ingenii odisse quem læseris" of Tacitus. But Bartlett carries it back to the much earlier "Quos læserunt, et oderunt" of Seneca, and parallels it with Dryden's

> Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
> But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong;

and with the Italian popular proverb, "Chi fa ingiuria non perdona mai." His attention was not called to Lowell's matching of Shakespeare's "sea of troubles," in Hamlet, with the κακῶν πέλαγος in the Hippolytus of Euripides. But that was a literary coincidence rather than a literary pedigree.

Whether a complete investigation of these literary parallelisms and genealogies would or would not outgrow the scope of a single volume—even the new Tenth Edition comprises 1,458 pages, as against 1,158 in Bartlett's Ninth—may be debatable; but the prospect of enlarged and interesting discoveries is unquestionable. Readers who have grown used to "Bartlett" as a library companion will hope that some further future revision of his incomparable collection will not fail to enrich that side of it.

Correspondence

THE PROXIMATE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter to which you recently accorded the hospitality of your columns, I raised the question, why the Czar of Russia in the last days of July continued to mobilize his army against Austria and Germany in spite of the fact that the German Kaiser was mediating between Franz Joseph and the Czar at the latter's own request. May I return to this point?

The *Oxford Magazine* recently published a letter addressed by a German Rhodes student, K. Hahn, to Lord Sandon, with whom he had contracted a warm friendship during the residence of both as undergraduates in Christ Church. The German scholar is pathetically anxious to show that his country was morally justified in going to war, and in proof he specially appeals to a dispatch of the Belgian *chargé d'affaires*, Baron de l'Escaille, at Petersburg, written late on July 30 to the head of the Belgian Foreign Office at Brussels, M. Davignon. The Baron wrote that at that date (1) it was "undeniable that Germany was trying hard in Petersburg to find any means whatsoever to avert a general conflict; (2) that Russia was mobilizing; (3) that at Petersburg people were absolutely convinced, nay, they had even received assurances to that effect, that England and France would stay by Russia; and this assistance was of decisive importance and had contributed much to the victory of the Russian war party."

Of these statements, I frankly admit the probability of the first two. In favor of the first, apart from the exchange of dispatches between the Kaiser and the Czar on July 28-31, we have the dispatch sent by the German Chancellor to the German Ambassador in Vienna on July 30, containing these words:

"We cannot expect Austria-Hungary to negotiate with Servia, with which she is at war. The refusal, however, to exchange views with St. Petersburg would be a grave mistake. We are indeed ready to fulfil our duty. As an ally we must, however, refuse to be drawn into a world conflagration through Austria not respecting our advice. Your Excellency will express this to Count Berchtold with all emphasis and seriousness."

We see clearly that the Austrian Emperor had taken the bit between his teeth, and the Kaiser was trying to make his august ally listen to reason.

The second allegation, that Russia was mobilizing, is borne out by the Russian Czar's admission on that day (July 30) that he had issued an order for mobilization five days before, and that Sazonoff informed him it was too late to suspend the process.

The third allegation is doubtful, and I incline to think that what put the war party into the saddle at Petersburg was the news that on the day before, July 29, the German Chancellor (English White Book, 85) had intimated to the English Ambassador at Berlin that in the event of war the German armies would march through Belgium. That rendered English intervention certain, and Sazonoff knew that if the crisis eventuated in war he could rely on English support. The news may have helped to stiffen the Russian attitude, with the result that the Kaiser could pose as a victim of Russian aggression and threats, and convince even the German Socialists that he was waging a purely defensive war.

On the other hand, it is idle for German statesmen and publicists to pretend, as they do, that England has attacked Germany without giving her warning, for if they turn to the English White Book they will find that Sir E. Grey, from the very beginning of the crisis, warned German diplomats, openly and categorically, that, although the Servian quarrel as such was not worth the bones of a single English sailor or soldier, nevertheless England would intervene if the quarrel should not remain confined to Austria and Servia, but involve other Powers as well. Let me adduce a few out of many of Sir E. Grey's dispatches, which prove that he did thus warn Germany of our intentions, long before any violation of Belgium was threatened:

No. 24, Sir E. Grey to Sir G. Buchanan, British Ambassador at Petersburg, July 25, 1914:

"I do not consider that public opinion here [in England] would or ought to sanction our going to war over a Servian quarrel. If, however, war does take place, the development of other issues may draw us into it, and I am therefore anxious to prevent it."

In other words, if Russia interfered, Germany, under the published terms of her alliance with Austria, would come in, then France as Russia's ally, and lastly, England as the partner of France.

No. 25, Sir E. Grey to Sir H. Rumbold, British *chargé d'affaires* at Berlin, July 25:

"The German Ambassador [in London]

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read me a telegram from the German Foreign Office saying that his Government had not known beforehand, and had no more than other Powers to do with the stiff terms of the Austrian note, etc. . . . I concurred in his observation, and said that I felt I had no title to intervene between Austria and Servia, but as soon as the question became one as between Austria and Russia the peace of Europe was affected, *in which we must all take a hand.*"

No. 59, Sir F. Bertie, British Ambassador at Paris, to Sir E. Grey, July 28:

The "question between Austria and Servia, which in its present condition is not one affecting England."

The implication is that if the question embroils other Powers, it will at once affect England.

No. 87, Sir E. Grey to Sir F. Bertie, July 29:

"After telling M. Cambon to-day how grave the situation seemed to be, I told him that I meant to tell the German Ambassador to-day that he must not be misled by the friendly tone of our conversations into any sense of false security that we should stand aside if all the efforts to preserve the peace which we were now making in common with Germany failed."

No. 89, Sir E. Grey to Sir E. Goschen at Berlin, July 29:

"After speaking to the German Ambassador this afternoon about the European situation, I said that I wished to say to him, in a quite private and friendly way, something that was on my mind. The situation was very grave. While it was restricted to the issues at present actually involved, we had no thought of interfering in it. But if Germany became involved in it, and then France, the issue might be so great that it would involve all European interests; and I did not wish him to be misled by the friendly tone of our conversation—which I hoped would continue—into thinking that we should stand aside.

"He said that he quite understood this, but he asked whether I meant that we should, under certain circumstances, intervene.

"I replied that . . . if we failed in our efforts to keep the peace, and if the issue spread so that it involved practically every European interest, I did not wish to be open to any reproach from him that the friendly tone of all our conversations had misled him or his Government into supposing that we should not take action."

The above conversations took place before there was any talk of Belgian neutrality being violated; and divested of the wrappings of diplomatic verbiage, their plain sense was that England would stand by France, if she joined Russia in a war against Germany. On July 31 (White Book, 119) M. Cambon explained to Sir E. Grey "that it was the uncertainty with regard to whether we (England) would intervene which was the encouraging element in Berlin, and that if we would only declare definitely on the side of Russia and France, it would decide the German attitude in favor of peace."

Sir E. Grey replies thus:

"I said that it was quite wrong to suppose that we had left Germany under the impression that we would not intervene. I had refused overtures to promise that we should remain neutral. I had not only definitely declined to say that we should remain neutral; I had even gone so far this morning as to say to the German Ambassador that, if France and Germany became involved in war, we should be drawn into it."

At this date the two official leaders of the English Unionist minority, Lord Lansdowne and Bonar Law, were urging on the somewhat reluctant and divided English Cabinet the expediency of England's intervention. These two statesmen had but two planks in their platform, war with Germany and civil war in Ireland. The greater has swallowed up the lesser one.

Late on July 31 the Kaiser dispatched his intemperate ultimatums to Russia and France. The die was cast. The English Cabinet early on August 1, before Russia and France had taken up the gauge thrown down to them, met and drew up a memorandum about Belgium which Grey was to lay before Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador in London. The memorandum should have said simply and clearly that if the Germans touched Belgium, we would go to war with them. It was, however, a mass of shilly-shallying verbiage, such as that "the neutrality of Belgium affected feeling in this country," that an assurance given by Germany not to violate that neutrality "would materially contribute to relieve anxiety and tension here"; that if it were violated, "it would be extremely difficult to restrain public feeling in this country," and so forth.

We have in our White Book, 123, Grey's account of the interview in which he laid this memorandum before Lichnowsky. He writes:

"He [Lichnowsky] asked me whether, if Germany gave a promise not to violate Belgium's neutrality, we would engage to remain neutral.

"I replied that I could not say that; our hands were still free, and we were considering what our attitude should be."

So far Grey's answer was correct. We could not make truck and barter of a guarantee which Germany no less than ourselves was pledged to uphold. Grey proceeds:

"The Ambassador pressed me as to whether I could not formulate conditions on which we would remain neutral. He even suggested that the integrity of France and her colonies might be guaranteed.

"I said that I felt obliged to refuse definitely to remain neutral on similar terms, and I could only say that we must keep our hands free."

The conversation could only leave one impression on Lichnowsky's mind, namely, that England would fight, not only if Belgium was touched, but also if France was involved. This was and is an intelligible and, to the minds of most English Tories, a right policy for England to pursue. Yet I regret that Grey did not communicate Lichnowsky's overtures at once to the House of Commons, for I am certain that by a great majority that assembly would have formulated conditions of neutrality satisfactory to England and Germany, sparing Belgium her present agony and avoiding for France the situation she is now in. Russia would have learned in half an hour that we did not, unless Belgium were violated, intend to assail Germany over a dispute that in no way concerned us or any part of our Empire, and would at once have retired over the golden bridge which the Kaiser during the days July 28-31 was building for her. I do not say that Russian and German ambitions in the Balkans and Turkey would not later on have clashed afresh and plunged them into war with one another; but the world might have been spared the irreparable calamity of a war between England and Germany, and we might have discovered that our planet was big enough for both of us.

I owe it to Sir E. Grey to add that in answer to a question put to him on August 27 by Mr. Keir Hardie he excused himself for having ignored Lichnowsky's appeal on August 1 (that he should formulate any conditions on which England would consent to be neutral, etc.), on the plea that his colleague was in this interview not representing the Kaiser, but was speaking *de suo*. In consequence he thought the interview of so little importance that he did not even communicate it to the Cabinet till after two days. "The German Ambassador," he added, "worked for peace; but real authority at Berlin did not rest with him and others like him, and that is one reason why our efforts for peace failed. (Loud cheers.)"

Unfortunately for Sir E. Grey's plea, the German Ambassador, immediately the interview was over, wired the substance of it to Berlin, and his account of it, in substantial agreement with Grey's, says not one word of his having spoken merely on his own personal initiative, and in a later advice to Berlin at 8:30 P. M. the same day, he used, apparently referring to this interview, these words:

"As no positive English proposals have been submitted, further steps in connection with the instructions given me are superfluous."

That he punctiliously informed the Imperial Chancellor whenever he had addressed Sir E. Grey *de suo* we can infer from the way he reports his answer to Sir Edward's telephone message at 11 A. M. the same day. He says: "I told him [Grey] I thought I could accept the responsibility for this." Nor is it likely that the Kaiser would keep an Ambassador in London to make such important proposals *de suo*.

I trust I have said nothing but the truth in the above. It is easier to gain utterance for such matter in a neutral press than in the English, for I fear we are no more exceptions in our island than are the Germans to Flaubert's rule that *La guerre rende bête et méchant.*

FRED. C. CONYBEARE.

Oxford, February 15.

[We cannot enter again into a discussion of all the matters referred to in this letter. We may point out, however, that Professor Conybeare ignores the fact that Sir Edward Grey's conversation with the German Ambassador on August 1 was prompted by a telegram from Sir Edward Goschen, British Ambassador in Berlin, informing him that the German Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had returned a discouraging answer to British queries concerning the neutrality of Belgium. The Secretary of State told Sir Edward Goschen that "he must consult the Emperor and the Chancellor before he could possibly answer," and Sir E. Goschen continues: "I gathered from what he said that he thought any reply they might give could not but disclose a certain amount of their plan of campaign in the event of war ensuing, and he was therefore very doubtful whether they would return any answer at all." (B. W. P. No. 122.) Sir Edward Grey, therefore, would seem to have been justified in regarding Lichnowsky's sugges-

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tion as made *de suo*. The fact that Lichnowsky subsequently communicated the substance of the conversation to his superiors in Berlin is beside the point. Technicalities apart, the assumption of the German Government, and apparently of Professor Conybeare, that under certain conditions it might have been within the power of Sir Edward Grey to pledge the neutrality of England throughout a war involving the other great Powers, seems entirely unwarranted. It requires only common-sense to see that no country could so sign away its liberty of future action.—Ed. The Nation.]

THE BRUSSELS DOCUMENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Prof. Morris Jastrow, jr., in his letter, "The Real Significance of the Brussels Documents" *(Nation,* March 4), has again fallen into a grievous error. He speaks of the Brussels documents as showing that "Belgium was endangering her position by a one-sided agreement." Again, "When Belgium, a number of years ago, made an *agreement* with England, . . . she was under a *moral* obligation to make the same *arrangement* with Germany." The italics of *agreement* and *arrangement* are mine; *moral* has been italicized by Professor Jastrow.

Now suffer me to say, once for all, with as much energy as I can command, that Belgium *never* made any *agreement* or *arrangement* with England. The Brussels documents are in print and may be read by all. They tell a plain story, namely, that Belgium, suspecting—with good reason—that Germany was meditating an attack upon France through Belgium, let certain of her staff officers consult with certain British officers about the best steps that might be taken in *that contingency only*. If such informal, purely speculative, unbinding conversation can be called an agreement, an arrangement, then language ceases to have value.

Towards the end of his letter Professor Jastrow refers to "the very important letter of President Poincaré to the King of England, several days before the war, in which he urged that England should openly declare herself to be the ally of France and Russia as the *only* means of avoiding war." Evidently Professor Jastrow has not mastered the simple art of quoting accurately. The letter from President Poincaré to George V was not "several days before the war," but dated as late as July 31. In the letter there is *not one word of Russia.* Nor is England urged openly to "declare herself the ally of France and Russia." The President's language is moderation itself: "If Germany were convinced that the Entente Cordiale would be affirmed in case of need, even to the extent of taking the field side by side, there would be the greatest chance that peace would remain unbroken. It is true that our military and naval arrangements leave complete liberty to your Majesty's Government, and that in the letters exchanged in 1913 between Sir Edward Grey and M. Paul Cambon Great Britain and France entered into nothing more than a mutual agreement to consult one another in the event of European tension and to examine in concert whether common action were advisable." The letter deserves to be printed in letters of gold, as a model of diplomatic frankness and sincerity.

Concerning the invasion of Belgium, can not Professor Jastrow see behind German diplomacy and recognize the patent fact that the invasion was planned years ago, planned down to details? It was "necessary," in the German sense, because it was "easier." A direct attack upon France between Verdun and Belfort would have been too hazardous. Consequently the German staff made all its arrangements for this flank attack. Else, why the building of military railways, 1910-1913, leading directly to and into Belgium? Why the peculiar "dislocation" of first-line troops in the lower Rhine region? How did it happen that Belgian towns and villages were mapped out à la Baedeker and ready for billeting in August?

Let us hope that we have heard the last of the Brussels document and of Belgium's sinfulness in thinking evil of poor Germany. This part of the war reminds one of the fable of the dangerous lamb and the guileless wolf.

J. M. Hart.

Asheville, N. C., March 9.

THE MELTING-POT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If Dr. Kallen's brilliantly written articles on "Democracy versus the Melting-Pot" had been condensed into a paragraph, and printed in the yellow press, they might happily have proved the "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" of the party that favors unrestricted immigration into this country. Unfortunately, few of the "British-Americans" who read the *Nation* are likely to be convinced that the state of affairs which Dr. Kallen depicts as inevitable is even within the bounds of possibility. The *Nation* itself has fed them too long upon the easy optimism of "eventual assimilation" of our immigrant hordes. Those few who have sometimes doubted all this will heartily welcome Dr. Kallen's frank statement of the aims and probable results of continued unrestricted immigration.

The question certainly is, "Do the dominant classes in America want such a society?" and it is very satisfactory to have the issue so clearly drawn. Some of the members of these "dominant classes" still are old-fashioned enough to regard the health and strength of their so-called native land as the paramount consideration, and the arts, literature, philosophy, and science as mere means to this end. Even those who prefer "culture" to life may well wonder whether a Little Germany in Wisconsin, a Little Norway in Minnesota, a Little Ireland in Massachusetts, and a New Jerusalem in New York, all united into some such federal state as we see in modern Europe, is better calculated to attain either end than a homogeneous "America."

In fairness to Dr. Kallen's fellow immigrationists, who are likely to disown the cat he has let out of the bag, it might be admitted that their case is not quite so black as he has painted it. How many "Americans" are there to-day who can boast, for example, that only British blood flows in their veins? Unless all the male British stock had promptly died out when it was transplanted to America, there should be thousands of families who have received their *names* in unbroken male lines from Puritan ancestors. But how many of these have only British blood in their mother's veins, or in their mother's mother's? Even Dr. Kallen's own race (to which, it might be said, the present writer belongs), the Jews, who are often the last of all to intermarry, are mixing their blood to a surprising extent with that of the rest of the community.

On the whole, however, Dr. Kallen's anticipations are probably justified. If the "dominant classes" can only be convinced of this, they will probably sympathize with those aspirations, but politely intimate that there is no room for them on this part of this continent. If they do not do so—well, they will get what they prefer.

Robert L. Wolf.

Cambridge, Mass., March 4.

PUNISHMENT FOR LYNCHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 11, concerning the horrible mob-murder at Monticello, Ga., you say: "The time is close at hand when the enlightened sentiment of the South ought to do a great deal more than resolving and deprecating." May I call your attention and that of your readers to one case where enlightened sentiment in the South has done more?

The *Nation* and other Northern newspapers something over a year ago commented on the courage of Sheriff White, of Spartanburg County, S. C., who successfully defended a negro prisoner accused of the nameless crime against a mob which had blown down a gate to the jail yard with dynamite. This he did in spite of the facts that the Mayor of Spartanburg had refused to take active measures to disperse the mob, that Gov. Blease had refused to order out militia to protect the prisoner, and that two of the Sheriff's own children were dangerously ill in the jail at the time. By defying the mob to come one step nearer, and declaring his purpose of shooting to kill, he disclosed the innate cowardice of the lynchers and saved the prisoner's life. When this prisoner was brought to trial later, a jury of white men acquitted him, having been convinced that the alleged crime was never committed, but was the result of hallucination on the part of the supposed victim.

All these facts have been published, but will bear reprinting. The last chapter in the story, however, has escaped the attention it deserves. The dynamiting incident was patiently investigated by the grand jury, which in time returned a number of indictments against participants in the mob's work, even though their attempt to lynch had failed. Last November these cases were brought to trial, and three white men, well known in the county, were convicted of riot and assault and battery. Each of these men was, on November 28 last, given a sentence of three years at hard labor in the penitentiary. In sentencing them, Judge Ernest Moore declared: "In a true sense, your criminal acts were not only violations of the criminal laws of this State, but they were directly aimed against the enforcement of the laws of the State by the due and orderly procedure of the courts. . . . Those acts were such as directly tended to the subversion of all law and order." That all three criminals were pardoned by Gov. Blease in his wholesale prison deliveries a month later, need occasion no surprise. The lesson was learned, though all merited punishment did not follow, and the crime is not likely to be repeated.

For those who have shown solicitude for

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Sheriff White's political future, one word more may be added. He has protected alleged negro rapists from the mob before, and has lost no credit by so doing. On the other hand, the Mayor of Spartanburg was soon after these events defeated on the sole issue of enforcement of the law. Gov. Blease and practically all his friends lost office in the State, and lost the vote of Spartanburg County, on the same ground. But the foreman of the jury that returned indictments against leaders of the mob has been elected to represent his county in the State Legislature, and is now performing that duty.

This record seems to me to show action more positive than "resolving and deprecating," and action that is sustained by the "enlightened sentiment" of the community.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Austin, Texas, February 18.

[No journal more than the *Nation* welcomes the opportunity of publishing the striking testimony to Southern justice set forth by Professor Law.—ED. THE NATION.]

Notes from the Capital

TWO COUNSELLORS.

Since the Government became confirmed in the habit of intrusting its international law business to a Chautauqua lecturer and of retaining an international lawyer to do his work for him, it has had two strongly individualized types of men in the secondary capacity. Put John Bassett Moore, the earlier one, side by side with his successor, Robert Lansing, and ask the average unskilled observer to find the man of affairs, and he would pick out Moore on general principles. Here are cautious eyes, the face with set lines, the carefully cropped moustache and beard, the portly figure, the brisk bearing, the decisiveness of utterance, of a citizen who knows his worth and has no leisure or patience to waste on trifles. He is conscious of the passage of time, at so many dollars a minute, while you are talking with him; and you are equally conscious of it, though there may be no lapse in the courtesy with which you are gently but surely steered to the end of your errand.

Lansing's manner, on the other hand, is as full of soft curves as his face. His speech is nicely modulated, as to both voice and phraseology. Apparently he has all the time there is, and is quite ready to share it with you. There is, however, no more suggestion of subtlety about him than of harshness. You would mark him as one who is naturally fond of his kind, and who takes an interest in the questions laid before him by private as well as public inquirers, not for the sake of winning any one's favor, but because the subjects are, of their own merit, worth thinking about. You feel sure that it would take a tremendous provocation to stir him to anger of the explosive sort. And these are not the traits commonly associated with the idea of efficiency in large business.

Yet, without disparaging Mr. Moore, it can truly be said that Mr. Lansing is quite his equal as a counsellor to the Government. The difference between the twain is chiefly formal. Mr. Moore's temperament is such that he never immerses himself so deeply in the business in which he is engaged as to forget that it is he who is doing it. Every statement he makes in regard to a case is a statement by Moore, the recognized authority on international law; and it must be of such substance, and so framed, that he could afford to put it into one of his learned treatises on his specialty without an apologetic foot-note. It is his name that is to give weight to the idea, rather than the idea that is to reflect fresh credit on his name. If Mr. Bryan, in a moment of more than usual ineptitude, gets himself into a snarl, it must make no difference with Mr. Moore's course. He is there to interpret the law as he finds it, though that may mean leaving Mr. Bryan to unravel himself.

Mr. Lansing, except by his air of never being at a loss, would give you no reason to guess that he is an authority on anything. He seems to detach himself every day from the concerns of the day before and start afresh. The common-sense of his conclusions is obvious, but the simplicity of the forms in which they are couched might readily deceive one into the fancy that they had just been thought out. It is the atmosphere of amiable opportunism wherewith he surrounds them which leaves us half-satisfied that any blunder from which he has to extricate his chief is due less to the latter's general incapacity than to the fact that such a combination of conditions had never happened to arise before with any Secretary.

It is quite as much as a lubricator of our domestic diplomatic machinery as in his character as understudy to the ostensible engineer of our foreign relations that Mr. Lansing will shine in history.

VIEILLARD.

Literature

DOCUMENTARY WAR STUDIES.

Qui a voulu la guerre? (From Diplomatic Documents.) By E. Durkheim and E. Denis. *La violation de la Neutralité Belge et Luxembourgeoise par l'Allemagne.* By André Weiss. *Les crimes Allemands d'après des témoignages Allemands.* 18 photographic facsimiles. By Joseph Bédier. (Three brochures.) Paris: A. Colin.

La violation du Droit des gens en Belgique. (Official Publication of the Belgian Government.) I, 12 official reports; II, extracts from Cardinal Mercier's pastoral letter. Preface by J. van den Heuvel. 5 photographic plates. Paris: Berger-Levrault.

Les barbares en Belgique. By Pierre Nothomb (preface by H. Carton de Wiart). Paris: Perrin.

Les Allemands en Belgique. (Notes of a Dutch Witness.) By L. H. Grondijs. Paris: Berger-Levrault.

Under a common heading, we place these six studies in the history of the present war. They are documentary, and not the pleadings of rhetoric; four are taken up entirely with official reports, one with the exact transcription of records found on German prisoners, and the last is the personal experience of a known professor of neutral Holland. With the exception of the first, they concern France and Belgium more particularly than the Allies in general. Some have editions appearing in English and other languages, for they are an appeal to the world's right reason.

The strictest understanding of neutrality cannot deny the immediate importance of such publications, and for three imperative reasons: First, because of their authors, whose disinterested science was universally respected before the war and should not be refused a hearing now in their own case; secondly, because of the documents, for will we nill we these already form a necessary part of the indictment which responsible Liberty is bound to draw up against irresponsible Militarism; thirdly, because of the questions thus raised; for it is not possible they should be neglected when peace is negotiated, least of all by those who hold that their very neutrality entitles them to a voice in such negotiations.

The first three studies begin a series undertaken by members of the French Academy and professors of the University of Paris, under the presidency of Ernest Lavisse. Time was when his original studies in Prussian history were not considered negligible quantities, even in German universities. Of Professor Durkheim, the judgment of Gumplowicz in 1905 was: "Mächtige Förderung erfuhr in Frankreich die Soziologie durch Emil Dürkheim"; and again: "Seither hat Emil Dürkheim in wahrhaft bahnbrechender Weise den Begriff einer sozialen Erscheinung klargestellt" ("Grundriss," Wien, pp. 82, 101); and the praise was based on the French professor's "Rules of Historical Method." His present co-worker, Ernest Denis, has passed a lifetime as professor at the Sorbonne in the study of German origins from the French Revolution to the new Empire. Prof. Joseph Bédier is too well known in the United States to need a certificate for the documentary science which has seated him in the chair of Gaston Paris. The Alsatian, André Weiss, who has long been a professor in the law faculty of the University of Paris, has also been favorably known ever since his work of 1892 carried off the Wolowski prize by judgment of the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

All these have chosen to answer the sweeping denial of the protest of German university professors—"Es ist nicht wahr"—not by counter-assertion, but by "objective" exposition of the evidence—and the confessions. Their studies do not stand or fall on their personal appreciation of facts. Professor Durkheim applies himself to the *enchaînement*—the sequence in fact and time—of the official documents which, from July 23 to August 3, worked up to the final declarations of war.

The question is not to know whether William II is or is not a man to wish for war, but whether he and his Government really did

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will it. Here we see the answer to the facts of the question.

As the story of the throwing of bombs by French aviators on German territory—particularly over Nuremberg—before the declaration of war still crops up in American newspapers, the day-by-day testimony of German newspapers at the time is worth reproducing. Professors Durkheim and Denis have been aided in gathering this by Professor Hadamard, of Paris, and by the Swiss professor, Milhaud, of the University of Geneva. They note that these incidents were presented by the German Ambassador von Schoen, when he demanded his passports at 6:45 P. M. August 3, as if out of time, out of space—"which is the best proof of their irreality."

We have wished to make sure if, in German newspapers, such facts were reported more precisely. We have consulted five leading journals (*Vorwärts, Arbeiterzeitung* of Vienna, *Frankfurter Zeitung, Kölnische Zeitung,* and *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*) from the end of July to the 5th of August. First of all, we observe there is no question in them of the aeroplane which flew over Karlsruhe. For the others, there is the same indefiniteness as in the official note. These incidents, which would have been the cause determining war, are reported in one line, or in two or three at most. *The bombs never left any traces.* One of the aeroplanes—that of Wesel—is said to have been brought down, but nothing is told us of the aviator and what became of him nor of the aeroplane itself. Finally, their arrival in Germany is reported—and then, nothing more is said about them. No one saw them returning to the place they came from.

But there is something that proves yet more. We have been able to procure a newspaper of Nuremberg itself—the *Fränkischer Kurrier.* On the 2d of August, the date when it was said the aeroplane had thrown its bombs, there is not one word about it. On the 3d, Nuremberg learns the news by telegram from Berlin—by the identical dispatch published in other newspapers. Finally, the *Kölnische Zeitung* of the 3d, morning edition, publishes a telegram from Munich in these words: "The Bavarian War Ministry doubts the exactness of the news that aviators have been seen over the railway lines Nuremberg-Kitzingen and Nuremberg-Ansbach, throwing bombs on the track."

Professor Weiss expounds the nature of "perpetual neutrality" in general; the neutrality of Belgium and Luxembourg and its rights in particular; Germany's guarantee of such neutrality and her successive excuses for violating her international engagements; and, in opposition to her new interpretation of neutrality, the University doctrine of Bluntschli at Heidelberg and Heffter at Berlin, which was still admitted by the German Chancellor in the historic session of the Reichstag of August 4, 1914—"Not kennt kein Gebot." The charge that Belgium had already violated her own neutrality, based on documents found—but not integrally published—by the German invaders in Brussels, is analyzed here. The exiled Belgium Government has since given a peremptory answer.

Professor Bédier has a more difficult task—to persuade those who are like Queen Elizabeth when she had to face the looking-glass:

Backwards and forwards and sideways did she pass,
Making up her mind.

By "crimes" he means something more than harsh measures intended to strike terror into the population of invaded territory, although these, likewise, were supposed to have been restrained by Hague agreements.

I have wished that these documents, whose authenticity is evident, should also be of evident authority. It is easy to accuse, difficult to prove. . . . This is why I shall refrain from producing here, even though I know them to be true, either Belgian or French testimony. I wish that whatever I bring forward may be such that no man living, even in Germany, shall be able even to try to dispute the testimony—German crimes I shall establish by German witnesses.

For this purpose, Professor Bédier gives letters and diaries found on German prisoners, with names and regiments and facsimile photographic reproductions, and with three reproductions of inadvertent confessions in letters from the front published by German newspapers. In each case, the French translation only follows the German text. At Owele, in Belgium (August 25): "Da gab es Feuer, Weiber und Alles." A few days earlier: "Verstümmelungen der Verwundeten sind an Tagesordnung." At Saint-Rémy, in France: "Wieder franz. Leichen schrecklich verstümmelt." And, with a pious touch, after Dinant: "Einschlagen von Granaten in die Häuser. Abends Feldgesang: 'Nun danket alle Gott.'"

It must be remembered that the prevalence of such "crimes," allowed to an excited soldiery consuming all the alcohol within sight, will be brought up by the suffering populations—against all and every intervention to the contrary—when peace has to be negotiated. It means something far worse than the burning of cathedrals or universities. It is, among the rest, the profanation of captive women, left unprotected by orders of the day of officers of the invading army. Besides the Belgian reports, a judicial commission appointed by the French Government has published its first results. For the first time in history, a legislative body like the French Parliament has had to face propositions of law like those of Deputies Engerrand and Martin to meet abortion and abandonment of offspring—after the war in the invaded provinces.

Professor Bédier, who deals only with private documents, limits himself to pointing to incidental confessions. The volume in which the Belgian Government has gathered twelve reports of its committee of investigation, comprising men of universal reputation in science, like M. Goblet d'Alviella, gives to such facts their proper place. These reports, with their inevitable succession of names and dates and places, are summed up in more popular form by Pierre Nothomb, a young writer of what was Belgium.

A part of his book appeared first in the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* It is impossible that those who have published far and wide tales of Belgian women tearing out the eyes of German soldiers, without giving the denial of it by German hospital doctors in a position to know or the withdrawal of the charge by German newspapers and preachers, should refuse to notice these publications. The little book of a professor of science from Holland, who found himself at Louvain and Aerschot during the worst days, will help greatly those who are willing to face the truth and make up their minds. We recommend particularly the note, page 66, on whose fault it was "if perhaps Belgian civilians sometimes committed imprudences."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Man of Iron. By Richard Dehan. New York: F. A. Stokes Co.

The author of this more or less "stirring" tale of the war of the 'seventies is an Englishwoman, who, under her own name (Clotilde Inez Mary Graves) had for a quarter of a century written plays and stories ranging from Drury Lane pantomime to realistic fiction. Some five years ago she set the name "Richard Dehan" upon the title-page of a novel called in England "The Dop Doctor" and in America "One Braver Thing." It was successful under both labels; and the *nom de guerre* has therefore appeared several times since. The present story is, to begin with, very long, nearly 700 pages; but there seems to have arisen something like a competition in that direction of late; we believe the record is still held by Mr. De Morgan's "When Ghost Meets Ghost." Here is the length of a novelette to travel before we get sight of Bismarck, the major hero of the story. The minor or romantic hero is a red-headed young Briton, who has been robbed of a fortune, and therefore becomes a free-lance correspondent on the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War. The author at once brings him, by the scruff, into close relations with Bismarck, at the moment when war is declared, and makes full use of the arm of coincidence to bring them together thereafter. It does not appear that P. C. Breagh achieves remarkable success as a correspondent, in view of his extraordinary opportunities. The truth is, he is chiefly preoccupied with the features and fortunes of a charming French girl, whom, in the end, at Bismarck's personal instance, he leads to the altar. For the rest, the story is written with a vast deal of haphazard cleverness, whether applied realistically to London scenes, or romantically in the eloquence of either hero. Bismarck is thoroughly staged as the fire-eating glutton with the tender corner in his heart; great play is made with his feats of eating and drinking. The lady-author plainly adores him, and there is a trace of proprietorship in the words with which her Preface, written since the present war began, comes to a close: "Could the relentless exponent of the fierce

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gospel of blood and iron have foreseen the imminent, approaching disintegration of his colossal life-work, under the hands of his successors—might he have known what Dead Sea fruit of ashes and bitterness his fatal creed, grafted upon the oak of Germany, was fated to bring forth—he would have drunk ere death of the crimson lees of the Cup of Judgment; he would have seen in the shape of his pupil the grotesque, distorted image of himself."

The Archbishop's Test. By E. M. Green. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

It is questionable whether this book can be called fiction at all. Frankly didactic, it has but the barest of plots upon which to hang much argument. The Archbishop in question accuses the church of being sapped dry by the external interests which have grown up about religion, such as guilds and schools, and calls for an immediate return to the fundamental dogma on which the church is established, namely, a literal interpretation of an exact adherence to the laws as laid down by the Prayer Book. The supposed need for this action and the results which follow form the book. A disconnected series of episodes give adequate opportunity for the exposition, and the tale itself begins with the Archbishop's idea and ends with his vindication. Such a work would find its logical medium in the essay rather than in the thin disguise of fiction.

The White Man's Burden. By T. Shirby Hodge. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Deriving plainly from Jules Verne and Bellamy, and their predecessors, this book probably owes its inspiration more to Samuel Butler's twin masterpieces; yet its every page is instinct with the author's own thought and fancy, and is original in the only true sense of the word, seeing that there is no new thing beneath the sun.

A bank clerk, spending his summer vacation in New Hampshire, suddenly finds himself in a negro state situated in the heart of Africa. The change that has come upon him is not of locality alone, for the year is 5027 A. D., in the era of negro predominance. The whites have long since succumbed to the yellow races, have been driven out of Asia, and finally from Europe. Concentrated in America, they have progressed very little. The blacks owe their present position of preëminence largely to two great inventors of their race: George Washington Bonaparte Andrews, who discovered "a means of insulating against the magnet," and George Andrews Brown, who, in 2284, found a way "to insulate, or cut off, the attraction of gravitation." Jules Verne brought up to date, but good of its kind! Of social and political conditions in Mr. Hodge's negro Utopia, the merest suggestion must suffice. The blacks, until their emigration to Africa, had maintained a republic long after the rest of the United States had become virtually an empire—States' rights abolished, the Presidency practically hereditary, and Congress meeting merely to register the edicts of an uncrowned king. In Africa, they have worked out their salvation along lines leading logically to "anarchy," in the sense in which Kropotkin and his fellow dreamers would have us understand the word. Civil courts are first dispensed with, as expensive and inefficient. Surely their work can be done better by means of neighborhood arbitration. Criminal cases offer more difficulty. But most crimes have their origin in personal property or passion; the former has therefore been abolished as superfluous in a country where there is plenty to go round. Early marriage and the growth of common-sense have minimized the latter, so that such sporadic cases of *crime passionnel* as still occur can safely be treated as personal matters in which the community is not vitally interested. After a brief sojourn in this ideal environment, the visitor is wafted in an airship, within the space of thirty-five hours, to the New York of the period—which differs very little from New York of the present day. The whites, impelled by greed, as of old, and relying on immensity of armaments, have decided on a final effort to force the closed door which, for many reasons—of which not the least important is the eugenic one—the negroes have rigidly maintained, and when he returns to Africa it is to witness the total annihilation of the white troops by the terrible military devices of their adversaries. Awaking in New Hampshire, our bank clerk exclaims: "The white man's burden is himself"—which may, perhaps, give us pause.

A Dealer in Empire: A Romance. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

"Not untimely, for dreams of world-conquest do not die, and each generation, even our own, has its dealers in empire," says Amelia Josephine Burr in the "foreword" of her novel. It is well said, for she has managed to incarnate in her principal character, Olivares, Prime Minister of the Spain of Philip IV (1605-1665), that lust of power which, with its modern twin-devil, lust of economic dominance, is the evil genius in the world-tangle of to-day. Velasquez himself contributes to the volume not only his presence in the narrative, but (as illustrations) his portraits of Olivares and of King Philip, the originals of which are, one in the Hispanic Museum, the other in the Altman collection at the Metropolitan. The woman of the story is the beautiful actress, Soledad de Herrera; upon her centres a tale of magnificence, cruelty, court intrigue; love's wires crossed between King and courtier, and ensuing ruin in which Olivares, despite his ambition to weld an empire that should conquer the world, fell from the highest to the lowest estate. It is a strong rather than a pleasing story; well told and marked by distinction of style. Miss Burr knows her Spain at first-hand—that is evident; indeed, it might be said that she too much assumes a similar familiarity on the part of her reader. She has not yet reached her zenith; this tale is a good beginning, and in its way justifies that helpful friendship and constructive criticism of her neighbor in Englewood, gratitude for which she expresses in her dedication of this her first novel "to the memory of Hammond Lamont."

SOREL'S SOCIALISM.

Reflections on Violence. By Georges Sorel. Authorized translation by T. E. Hulme. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $2.25 net.

Sorel, of course, is no novelty to students of Socialism, but his appearance in "authorized" English dress will probably increase very largely the number of his acquaintances on this side of the ocean. The increasing prominence of the I. W. W. in Socialist ranks and the sharp cleavage that has followed the activities of that body ought to help much to popularize the writings of the father of Syndicalism, who professes to be the only true-blue Marxian Socialist to-day.

As all observers know, there has been of late years a tremendous drift of Socialist thought away from the classic or orthodox gospel of Marx. Walling, who is probably the ablest among American Socialist intellectuals, has made this very clear in his recent writings, and the Revisionists have had all the best of the argument abroad. A year or two ago Professor Simkhovitch, in his book, "Marxism versus Socialism," showed what had happened to the classic theory at the hands of rude fact, but the fortresses which he demolished had for the most part already been evacuated by the leaders of modern Socialist thought. The two facts which have done perhaps the most damage to the Marxian theory of "catastrophic" Socialism are, first, the great change for the better in the conditions of the so-called proletariat, and, secondly, the growth in number, wealth, and importance of the so-called middle class. Further, there is the important fact that this middle class has developed, on the one hand, a tendency towards the controlling and hampering of "capital" by regulative and restrictive legislation and, on the other hand, a very strongly humanitarian point of view on matters connected with the "proletariat." This has resulted in dulling the edge of the "class war," so far as all but the lower strata of the "proletariat" are concerned, besides preventing "capital" from that development of productive perfection which, according to Marx, should characterize it just before the "catastrophe." It is to meet these new conditions which, though they may contain within themselves the germs of vastly increased coöperation, are nevertheless the reverse of "revolutionary" that Sorel proposes his brand of Socialism, viz., Revolutionary Syndicalism, with the "general strike" as the grand "catastrophe." He says:

It is often urged in objection to the people who defend the Marxian conception that it is impossible for them to stop the movement of degeneration which is dragging both the

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middle class and the proletariat far from the paths assigned to them by Marx's theory. They can doubtless influence the working classes, and it is hardly to be denied that strike violences do keep the revolutionary spirit alive; but how can they hope to give back to the middle class an ardor which is spent? It is here that the rôle of violence in history appears to us as singularly great, for it can, in an indirect manner, so operate on the middle class as to awaken them to a sense of their own class sentiment [p. 88].

And again:

Marx supposed that the middle class had no need to be incited to employ force, but we are to-day faced with a new and very unforeseen fact—a middle class which seeks to weaken its own strength. Must we believe that the Marxian conception is dead? By no means, for proletarian violence comes upon the scene just at the moment when the conception of social peace is being held up as a means of moderating disputes; proletarian violence confines employers to their rôle of producers and tends to restore the separation of the classes just when they seemed on the point of intermingling in the democratic marsh. Proletarian violence not only makes the future revolution certain, but it seems also to be the only means by which the European nations—at present stupefied by humanitarianism—can recover their former energy. This kind of violence compels capitalism to restrict its attentions solely to its material rôle and tends to restore to it the warlike qualities which it formerly possessed. A growing and solidly organized class can compel the capitalist class to remain firm in the industrial war; if a united and revolutionary proletariat confronts a rich middle class eager for conquest, capitalist society will have reached its historical perfection [pp. 90, 91].

Sorel is a disciple of Bergson, and he prides himself upon the remarkable conformity of his theory with the Bergsonian philosophy. He says in a footnote (p. 131):

I believe it would be possible to develop still further the application of Bergson's ideas to the theory of the general strike. Movement in Bergson's philosophy is looked upon as an undivided whole; which leads us precisely to the catastrophic conception of Socialism.

He maintains that he uses Bergson's "integral" method in presenting the "class war" and the "general strike" as a "body of images which *by intuition alone* and before any considered analyses are made," can evoke the undivided whole of Socialism. To this Bergsonian interpretation he adds a concept of his own, which he calls the "social myth." In the letter to Daniel Halévy he says that

men who are participating in a great social movement always picture their coming action as a battle in which their cause is certain to triumph. These constructions, knowledge of which is so important for historians, I propose to call myths; the syndicalist general strike and Marx's catastrophic revolution are such myths. As remarkable examples of such myths I have given those which were constructed by primitive Christianity, by the Reformation, by the Revolution, and by the followers of Mazzini [p. 22].

The advantage of this concept is that it absolves the inventor of any obligation to defend the probability or feasibility of the "triumph" held up before the eyes of those who support the cause. Sorel says, in fact:

To estimate, then, the significance of the idea of the general strike, all the methods of discussion which are current among politicians, sociologists, or people with pretensions to political science, must be abandoned. Everything which its opponents endeavor to establish may be conceded to them without reducing in any way the value of the theory which they think they have refuted. The question whether the general strike is a partial reality or only a product of popular imagination is of little importance. All that it is necessary to know is whether the general strike contains everything that the Socialist doctrine expects of the revolutionary proletariat [p. 136].

By this comparatively simple method of calling his theory a "social myth" and giving it a purely pragmatic value, Sorel relieves himself of much troublesome argumentation as to ways, means, and consequences. The great point is that the myth furnishes the necessary "integration" (in the Bergsonian sense) of Socialism—in an "intuition" and "as a whole, perceived instantaneously" (p. 137).

In brief, in place of the "catastrophe" as originally visualized by Marx and his followers, coming about naturally by the concentration of production in a few hands and the proletarianization of all the rest, who then are driven by their misery to revolt, Sorel now contemplates a solidly organized working class terrorizing the middle class into alliance with the great producing interests, and then by a general strike expelling the capitalists and "taking their place in the workshop created by capitalism" (p. 190). According to the Marxian hypothesis, the "state" would naturally disappear; according to Sorel, it will be simply suppressed. That is, maybe it will and maybe not; it is enough that this general "social myth" shall be accepted by the proletariat as a vision of ultimate triumph; if so, it will be just as good as if it were true.

This notion of the "social myth" *à la* Bergson is no doubt attractive to a certain type of pragmatic "moderns." Mr. Walter Lippmann, the brilliant young author of "Drift and Mastery," considers it a "spiritual triumph" and a performance which must have delighted Sorel's soul by reason of his boast that his "task in life is to aid in ruining" "le prestige de la culture bourgeoise." At the risk of disclosing a horribly bourgeois point of view, the reviewer cannot help wondering whether either Sorel or Mr. Lippmann in their historical studies ever came across any makers of "social myths" or preachers of "social myths" who were willing to admit that what they preached might not be true at all—and still continued to preach it. Sophisticated this age may be in some respects, but it would have to be so over-sophisticated as to be extremely simple to be able to swallow that.

But how is one to argue with a man who can "turn intellectual defeat into spiritual triumph" by means so easy as this?

The best thing to do with Sorel's book is to read it for its criticisms upon Socialists of a stripe, or stripes, other than his own. He throws a good deal of light upon them, their methods, and their habits of thought. It ought to be, on the whole, a comforting book for those who have at one time or another feared that Marxian Socialism might really "arrive."

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY.

The Loeb Classical Library: Plutarch's Lives, Volumes I and II, edited and translated by Bernadotte Perrin; Dio's Roman History, Volume III, by Earnest Cary; Xenophon's Cyropædia, Volume II, by Walter Miller; Procopius's History of the Wars, Volume I, by H. B. Dewing; Cæsar's Civil Wars, by A. G. Peskett; Ovid's Heroides and Amores, by Grant Showerman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 each.

It is regrettable that honesty requires us to receive somewhat coldly the first instalment of Professor Perrin's work, and indeed praise should not be stinted where it is deserved. He has made a special study of Plutarch's difficult idiom, and comes to his task well armed. His careful translation stands the test of close scrutiny. A few misprints are discoverable, and a few of his renderings are at least questionable—that is in the nature of things. But so far as we have examined, we have found only two really annoying errors: the substitution of "Aristeas" for "Cleomedes" on page 181, and the use of "odd" for "even" and *vice versa* on page 357, of the first volume, which are, of course, mere slips of the pen. And Professor Perrin's style is always dignified, occasionally eloquent. But the pity of it is that one is bound to question the very utility of the work, if it was to appear in this form. Candor compels the statement that, despite the conspicuous merits of the new translation, the so-called version of Dryden, as corrected and revised by Clough, is for the non-Grecian reader a better piece of English, livelier and more idiomatic, and with something of the tang in it that comes from a day when there really was an English style. The purely English reader has in fact no reason to burden himself with a book half in Greek unless the English pages are notably superior in their readable qualities to the ordinary publications; it cannot be said that Professor Perrin's version has this particular superiority. As a convenience for those who, needing to go through the Greek rapidly, do not wish to delay over difficult passages, or for those who have no dictionary at hand, the new venture was no doubt worth the making; it might indeed have been a work of momentous importance in helping forward that renaissance of interest in the Classics which so many of us besides the founder of the Loeb Library have very

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deeply at heart. As a close, exact, and not inelegant copy of the original, the present translation is eminently suited for that purpose—better suited than Clough's freer handling of the material. But the mechanical make-up of the book is such as largely to annul any service of that kind that might have been expected. The paper used is so poor, the justification of the pages is so bad, and the general spacing is so unintelligent that no one of ordinary eyesight can read the Greek, or the English for that matter, any length of time without discomfort and even peril. We speak with some bitterness, having from a sense of duty as a reviewer read enough in these two volumes to have been mulcted in the student's most precious possession. We have heard others, too, speak with the same asperity, their asperity being in fact the greater as their interest in Mr. Loeb's project is the deeper.

Why are these Greek books printed in this detestable fashion? Has the founder of the Library, after starting a magnanimous project, no desire that it shall be decently executed? Is the general editor, Dr. T. E. Page, quite incompetent? Are the advisory editors, including the eminent American scholars concerned in the undertaking, indifferent? Or have all these gentlemen engaged themselves irrevocably with a publisher, Mr. William Heinemann of London, who ought to be issuing penny dreadfuls instead of managing a great enterprise of literature and scholarship? Repeated protests are unheeded. There should seem to be only one way of bringing the matter to a crisis. Professor Perrin and the other distinguished victims should simply refuse to continue the laborious, and not very grateful, task of translation until they have some guarantee that their work will appear in respectable form.

This question of the mechanical make-up seems to us of such vital importance to the larger success of the undertaking that we have left ourselves no space to criticise the other recent issues of the Library. "Dio's Roman History," in the version of H. B. Foster, is undergoing careful revision at the hands of Dr. Cary. A second volume brings to a conclusion Walter Miller's satisfactory rendering of "Xenophon's Cyropædia." The "History of the Wars," of which the first two books come to us in the version of H. B. Dewing, is a work full of entertainment, and may, in this handy form, tempt some of our professional Grecians to enlarge their reading—if their eyes are good. The "Cyropædia" contains something under 500 pages (the second volume of the Plutarch runs to 631), and is consequently printed on more opaque paper. A glance at pages 228 and 229 of this volume will show what a godsend such a Library might be if properly manufactured; but one has only to turn a leaf or two to find pages where unskilful disposition of the type brings confusion to the eyes.

The Latin volumes from the first have been, mechanically, better than the Greek. "Cæsar's Civil Wars," for instance, now issued with a translation by A. G. Peskett, of Magdalene College, Cambridge, takes only 370 pages, and is printed on opaque paper. The disposition of the notes might be changed so as to facilitate a more regular spacing. Half a dozen maps at the end add much to the usefulness of the edition.

Professor Showerman brings out the first volume of Ovid. His version is good, very careful—possibly even too much care has been taken to convey the full implication of the Latin phrase, thereby clogging the English a little when it ought to be swift and light. One of the "Amores" (III, vii) he refuses to translate, and no doubt it would have been difficult, perhaps impossible, to give the sense of the original without gross scandal to modern taste, although marvels have been done in solving such problems in some of the other Latin authors.

Notes

"Angela's Business," by Henry Sydnor Harrison, is announced for publication on Saturday by Houghton Mifflin Co.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of a new edition of "Tabular Views of History," compiled by George Palmer Putnam, and continued to date under the editorial supervision of George Haven Putnam.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce the forthcoming publication of "The French in the Heart of America," by John Finley.

The thirty-seventh annual conference of the American Library Association will be held this year at Berkeley, Cal., from June 3 to June 9. The Secretary is George B. Utley, 78 East Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

We are requested to announce that *Studies in Philology* is now published quarterly by the University of North Carolina, in the months of January, April, July, and October, at a subscription price of $1.50 per year.

We have received notice that the *Mercure de France,* which was compelled to suspend publication last August, owing to disorganization due to the war, will resume publication on April 1.

We are requested to announce that the American Oriental Society will hold its annual meeting on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of Easter week, April 8-10, at Columbia University, New York city. The first session will begin on Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

J. Holland Rose's excellent volume on "William Pitt and the Great War," which has been reviewed at length in the *Nation* (March 7, 1912), has been reprinted from the original plates and reissued in a cheaper edition by G. Bell & Sons.

"Builder and Blunderer" (Dutton; $1 net) is the apt title under which Mr. George Saunders sums up in vigorous fashion his impressions of the Kaiser's character and foreign policy. Going to Berlin at William II's accession, and remaining there as press correspondent for a score of years, the author had ample opportunity to form first-hand impressions of value, and occasionally to collect bits of inside information. Several of these bits are very interesting, but we cannot say that we believe them all. He gives a circumstantial account of how the German Foreign Secretary called on the French Ambassador in Berlin in January, 1896, the day before the Kaiser sent the Kruger telegram, and asked if France would join in diplomatic action in South Africa. "France, it must be remembered, was not at this time our friend, and was still smarting under the Fashoda incident" (p. 125). As a matter of fact, it was not until more than two and a half years after this (July, 1898) that Marchand suddenly came face to face with the English in the desert at Fashoda. Mr. Saunders is very bitter about this Kruger telegram. "It was the greatest mistake of William II's reign. If his previous and subsequent professions of friendship for Great Britain were sincere, he had, by suggesting foreign intervention in South Africa, at once raised among his own people a fire of hatred which was never to be extinguished, and he had awakened in England suspicions which were never to be wholly eradicated" (p. 116). "The South African War would never have had to be fought but for Germany's intrigues in South Africa" (p. 129). We sadly admit that, next to the German naval policy, probably nothing has so embittered Anglo-German relations as the South African business, but we venture to think that it was not so much the Kaiser's telegram as the unvarnished facts of Jameson's raid and the Boer War which stirred German rancor. The first part of this well-written little volume, in which the author speaks of William II's personality and domestic policy, is fairly discriminating and sufficiently sympathetic. But wrath evidently came with writing; the later chapters on the Emperor's foreign policy, with analogies between the past and "what Germany is now inflicting on Belgium," falls into petulant invective.

Mr. John Jay Chapman has added to the gayety of life by publishing a volume of "Memories and Milestones" (Moffat, Yard; $1.25 net). He starts with the assertion that criticism killed art in the nineteenth century, an assertion which we will leave him, when he reaches the meadows of asphodel, to argue out with Sainte-Beuve, who held that art was killed by the artists' rejection of criticism. Then, consistently with his creed that criticism is death, he proceeds, as one "knowing nothing about philosophy and having the dimmest notions as to what James's books might contain," to write a chapter of brilliant paradoxes on the spiritual message of William James, which is not in Mr. James's books because Mr. James never understood it:

> It was easy to differ from him; it was easy to go home thinking that James had talked the most arrant rubbish, and that no educated man had a right to be so ignorant of the first principles of thought and of the foundations of human society. Yet it was impossible not to be morally elevated by the smallest contact with William James.

(Being not even a critic, but a mere reviewer, we have always been suspicious of spiritual messages that came to us through the medium of rubbish.) Then, in a third

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little essay, this time on Bernard Shaw, Mr. Chapman fortunately forgets his anti-critical principles, and gives us one of the most charming pieces of destructive literary criticism we have read in many a long day. That is one of the amusing things of life. If ever you find a writer who is all for "Art" and the liberty of inspiration, with a noble contempt for the restraints of rational criticism, you are pretty sure to find him on the next page pronouncing a violent diatribe on some form of art which he does not like. Mr. Chapman dealing with Mr. Shaw is both judge and hangman—and an expert critic. Sometimes his taste leaves him. Without being necessarily a worshipper of the late Charles Eliot Norton, we think that a gentleman ought not to call him "mulish," and we wonder if the elevation learned from the Jacobean "rubbish" is responsible for such a sentence as this in regard to the master of Shady Hill: "It was strange to see the doctrine which—intellectually speaking—was a thin wash of estheticism, being ladled out like hot salvation to the hungry and shivering youth of America." We appeal from Mr. Chapman the wit to Mr. Chapman the gentleman. In other studies of Boston and Cambridge life he can be satirical without offence and grave without dulness. The pictures of society on the Back Bay, in the sketches of Mr. Brimmer and Mrs. Whitman, are thoroughly delightful; the characterization of the retired president of Harvard and the criticism of his educational theories are good entertainment and better philosophy. Of Mr. Chapman's excursions as a modern Quixote we are somewhat doubtful, and so say nothing.

A second edition, in one volume, of A. W. Benn's "Greek Philosophers" (Dutton; $6) was needed, and may be read as in some important respects a corrective to the work of Professor Burnet, the first volume of which was recently reviewed in the *Nation*. As Mr. Benn indicates in his new preface, and as the ensuing chapters exemplify, the most radical changes appear in the introductory pages dealing with early Greek thought, where, receding somewhat from the intransigent rationalism of his former position, he gives more weight to moral and religious questions in proportion to physical science than was the case in the first edition of the book. Here he shows a wise resistance to the pervasive anthropological views of Miss Harrison and Professor Murray which are doing not a little to confuse and darken the study of Greek. And again, in a long and well-reasoned appendix to his chapter on Socrates, he pricks with wholesome malice one of the creations of Professor Murray's fancy, and by the way exhibits the emptiness of Professor Bury's statement that it was impossible for Socrates to answer the charges brought against him at the trial. For some reason the study of Athenian literature and philosophy has of recent years become the field of wild conjecture, taking the place of the earlier philological nightmares that reared their most stupendous and baseless fabric about the Homeric Question. Perhaps these vagaries are necessary to scholarship, being merely a part of our human preference for the bubbles filled with our breath to the unraised waters of truth; but certainly the German notion of academic efficiency as resting rather on originality than on assimilation has done much to foster this tendency, which has had a peculiarly painful effect in discrediting the Classics among men of common-sense.

Now Mr. Benn's history of Greek philosophy is a brilliant book; it is replete with penetrating epigrams, witty criticisms, and subtle discriminations; but it is also in the main a sound book, and avoids pretty successfully the sort of theorizing that renders sections of Professor Burnet's discussion of Socrates and Plato, despite their apparatus of learning, mere cobwebs—if a humble reviewer may assume King Philip's privilege of calling a spade a spade. This is not to say that Mr. Benn's work is fully adequate to its high theme. His writing still has the tincture of the hardened rationalism that is rapidly growing out of date. He is at his best, and very good indeed, in the chapters on Socrates and the Sophists, where this quality tells least against him. His chapters on Plato, whom he nevertheless places on a pedestal as "the greatest thinker and writer of all time," miss by their point of view, as at least it must seem to this reviewer, the most essential elements of the Platonic Philosophy, and are somewhat confused in their construction and jejune in their conclusions. Yet even here the error is rather one of omission than of perversion. But we have no intention of criticising a book whose character has long been known to the world. We recommend those who are not familiar with its merits to take advantage of this new edition.

G. Arnold Shaw, secretary of the University Lecturers' Association of New York, enters the publishing field with "Visions and Revisions," by John Cowper Powys, who has long talked to popular audiences in England and Germany, and who, the publisher shyly confesses, is "the most brilliant lecturer on literature of this generation." He apparently counts himself a disciple of M. Anatole France, for he will hear nothing of any kind of criticism but the adventures-of-my-soul-among-masterpieces variety. He does not in his wanderings encounter the Olympian delight of the Frenchman. His is a much more fervent devotion: "How in the name of the mystery of genius can criticism be anything else than an idolatry, a worship, a metamorphosis, a love affair!" Yet he at once sets about deducing principles, even finding an ethical stimulus in great poets, for "we can live in the atmosphere, the temper, the mood, the attitude toward things, which the 'grand style' they use evokes and sustains." The lectures themselves are well adapted to literary audiences. Their imagery is bright, clear, and frequently picturesque. The rhythm falls with a pleasing cadence on the ear. The dogmatism arrests the attention. The opinions are no hackneyed reiterations. Of Shakespeare he declares: "So far from being 'the Objective God of Art' they seek to make him, he is the most wayward and subjective of all wandering souls. . . . He will whistle the most important personage down the wind, lost to interest and identity, when once he has put into his mouth his own melancholy brooding upon life—his own imaginative reaction." Of Nietzsche he pathetically wails: "The real 'secret' of Jesus, together with the real 'secret' of Nietzsche—and they do not differ in essence, for all his Borgias!—will remain the sweet and deadly 'fatalities' they have always been—for the few, the few, the few who understand them." With equal poignancy he glows, thrills, and throbs among sixteen literary masters from Dante and Rabelais to Walter Pater and Dostoievsky. Few are the critics the adventures of whose souls have been more pugnacious or ecstatic.

In "The History of the Grain Trade in France, 1400-1710" (Harvard University Press; $2 net) Abbot P. Usher makes a valuable contribution to European economic history. In the first half of the volume he traces in minute detail, with the aid of a map, the principal areas of local grain markets and the principal routes in France along which grain moved. In view of the difficulties and cost of transportation, it is surprising to see what distant points from Paris—Auvergne, Touraine, Normandy, and even Brittany—were drawn upon to supply the great demand of the capital. The conflicts between the mediæval local market attempting to keep its grain and the wider market of the great cities and ports were unceasing. In the second half of his volume the author examines in equal detail the attempts of the Government to regulate this trade. The Crown aimed to stand above local and provincial interests by looking to the welfare of the nation as a whole; but its edicts were often thwarted through the negligence, opposition, or better information of the local administrative agents. Nevertheless, real progress was made towards equalizing the varying needs of different localities and towards widening the market. In connection with the grain trade, the author notes the rise of a national protectionist policy. In 1596 appeared Laffémas's treatise advocating what was essentially "Colbertism" half a century before Colbert. Sully held Laffémas in check. But protectionism found full sway with Colbert in the second half of the seventeenth century. Mr. Usher believes that Laffémas's influence on Colbert was considerable, and points out that Laffémas's papers once formed part of Colbert's library. Incidentally, this monograph throws a good deal of light on the intendants and on the administrative machinery of the Old Régime.

A German could extract little joy from Mr. Layton Crippen's melancholy reiteration of British decadence in "Clay and Fire" (Holt; $1.25 net), for the author embraces the whole world in his condemnation. The symbolism of the title is disclosed in a characteristic passage: "The desire of man for life, his never-appeased appetite for all that life has to give, his never-satisfied curiosity—all this is a manifestation of the clay of which he is created. His yearning for the past, for the effulgence from the everlasting Light of which he has a dim memory, his yearning for the radiance of Wisdom and of Love, his frequent self-intoxication in the desire to escape—this is the manifestation of the divine Fire, the soul that is himself, liable neither to birth nor to death, unborn, eternal, unchangeable." The conclusion of the whole matter is that "they are right who desire and expect absorption in the great Ocean of Being. This is not extinction; it is blessedness." The implicit doctrine of transmigration and nirvana gains its present distinctive coloring, not so much from the denial by Mallock and others that the progress of the human race is one of continuous betterment, as from the author's visiting the little Carnegie library at Alameda, Cal. "Here," he says, "I discovered a little book,

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very badly printed in Calcutta about the year 1820, written by some old Hindu Swami, which contained a chapter in which I found the desired euphrasy, in which, as I believe, the wisdom of the ages, the wisdom of which the Gnostics had a little, the wisdom that Paracelsus went to India to learn, was summed up. . . . According to this teaching —and this is the important point—mankind has nearly reached the nadir, has nearly arrived at the bottom of the circle, the ultimate of materialism. In a little while man will begin to crawl up the ascending arc, to regain that spirituality which he has lost in his descent into matter."

But the winning quality of the volume does not reside in the exotic philosophy, but in the quaint erudition and a wistful love, developed in childhood, of bygone art and life, of all "rare and exquisite things." He loves better the tiny Church of St. Ethelreda than the imposing dome of St. Paul's. The compass of his delights includes the poetry and art of the Renaissance, classic architecture, and Oriental mysticisms, the quiet life of a mediæval town, and the devout record of a Venetian guild. Though fallen on evil days, he treasures up these relics of a vanished age of simplicity, love, and reverence in prose whose sadly soothing cadence breathes forth his regrets and adorations with a faint echo of Sir Thomas Browne.

Leonard Bacon has cleverly turned the "Song of Roland" into the metre of Lord Macaulay's "Virginia" (Yale University Press; $1.50 net). The rendering is both spirited and faithful, though at times the long line requires filling out with a number of little words which impair the frequently brilliant economy of the original:

> Esclairciz est li vespres et li jorz:
> Contre soleil reluisent cil adob,
> Halberc et helme i jiëtent grant flambor,
> Et cil escut qui bien sont peint a flors.

becomes

> At length the darkness lightened. The day was coming on,
> And all the armor of the host was flashing in the sun.
> The hauberks and the helmets shone with a mighty glare,
> And likewise the good bucklers with flowers painted fair.

The reader who takes up this volume in order to get some notion of the poem, in the patriotic spirit of which France is doubtless finding inspiration to-day, as she has found it in the past, will not, we venture to say, turn away disappointed.

Charles Francis Adams, whose death on March 20 is the subject of comment in our editorial columns, was born in Boston on May 27, 1835, the son of Charles Francis Adams and Abigail Brown Brooks. He was a great-grandson of the second President of the United States and a grandson of the sixth. Charles Francis Adams was educated at private schools in Boston, and at Harvard, where he graduated in 1856. He was admitted to the bar in 1858, but had hardly begun to practice when the Civil War broke out. He served throughout the war in the Union army, advancing by successive grades from a lieutenancy in the First Massachusetts Cavalry to a brevet brigadier-generalship of volunteers. After the close of the Civil War Mr. Adams devoted his energies to railway affairs, and from 1877 to 1890 he was president of the Union Pacific Railroad. Among his numerous other public activities was the chairmanship of the Commission which planned the Massachusetts metropolitan park system (1892-5); he was an overseer of Harvard from 1882 to 1894, and again from 1895 to 1907. He was president of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1895, was a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and of the American Philosophical Society. He received the LL.D. of Harvard in 1895, and of Princeton in 1909. The following is a list of Mr. Adams's published works: "Chapters on Erie, and Other Essays," "Railroads, Their Origin and Problems," "Notes on Railway Accidents," "Massachusetts, Its Historians and Its History," "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," "Life of Charles Francis Adams," "Richard Henry Dana, a Biography," "A College Fetich," "Lee at Appomattox, and Other Papers," "Three Phi Beta Kappa Addresses," and "Studies, Military and Diplomatic." In addition he contributed occasional articles, principally on historical subjects, to the magazines, and he was in particular for many years a valued contributor to the *Nation*, a series of four articles from his pen on "Civil War Literature" having appeared in successive issues of this journal as recently as last July.

Science

THE DECLINE OF THE BIRTH-RATE IN ENGLAND.

Report on the English Birth-Rate. Eugenics Laboratory Memoirs XIX and XX. Part I, England North of the Humber. By Ethel M. Elderton. London: Dulan & Co. 9s. net.

This report, which appeared last August, contains a short but serious preface by Karl Pearson, the director of the Laboratory. He states his conviction that no question before the English people to-day is of greater moment in its bearing on national efficiency and the future of the country than that of the birth-rate, and he hopes that the very stress of the times will impel the serious-minded to give to it the attention it deserves. The report covers returns from the region including the great centres of the cotton and woollen trades, as well as the coal and iron industries. It includes material extracted from the census of 1901, with estimates made by calculations for the years 1901-1906. The birth-rate is based on the number of married women between fifteen and fifty-five years of age in the registration districts studied. In addition to tables some twenty large plates are given showing the curves of birth-rate for all of these districts between the years 1851 and 1901 (1906).

A glance at these curves reveals the striking fact that in all these hundred or more districts, with the exception of two, the birth-rate remained practically uniform up to 1876, but since that time has taken a decided downward trend, the steepness of which has increased in later years. The district of importance in which the birth-rate has not declined is that of Liverpool, and the explanation offered in this case is the existence of a large Irish population. The singular unanimity with which all the curves turn downwards from the years 1876-77 suggests the action of some general cause which began to operate at that period. The author is convinced that the immediate cause of the decline is to be found in a "widespread and nearly universal artificial restriction of the family." The somewhat sudden appearance of this factor is connected with the propaganda of the Neo-Malthusians, which was active at this period, and particularly with the trial of Mr. Bradlaugh and Mrs. Besant, which excited so much popular interest. The Government did not succeed in its prosecution, and this fact, or the publicity attending the effort, fell in with certain changes in economic, social, and perhaps religious conditions, the outcome being that there was a quiet but increasingly general adoption on the part of the middle and lower classes of methods to restrict the number of children. Among the economic conditions that are cited as being influential in giving this habit or custom a wider acceptance, the author refers particularly to the restrictions placed on child-labor, which necessarily reduced the economic value of children among the working classes, and, secondly, to the increasing tendency to employ married women in certain of the industries. The wife as a wage-earner could not afford to bear and raise children.

Whatever may be the explanation, there can be no doubt about the fact of a serious and general decrease in the birth-rate. The author is inclined to believe also that the decrease is a differential one, that is to say, it affects the better classes to a greater extent than it does the thriftless and worthless. The report does not attempt to discuss the question of the desirability or undesirability of this artificial restriction of the birth-rate from a broad biological standpoint. It accepts without argument the conclusion that "if the movement continues unchecked for another forty years it means national disaster, complete and irremediable, not only for this country, but for Britain across four seas." How this disaster may be averted is not indicated very clearly. Some repressive measures may be enacted by the Government, but the author realizes that such measures, if they run counter to the desires and beliefs of the people, would have but little effect. The fact as it appears to the masses is that a small restricted family is a blessing to the individuals concerned, however disastrous it may be to the welfare of the nation, and it is evident that to induce the individual to sacrifice his own happiness and that of his immediate family for the future benefit or glory of his country some movement of disinterested patriotism must be inaugurated that shall work upon men's emotional

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nature with the intensity of a religious conviction.

The report is undoubtedly very interesting, and it suggests many problems and speculations that are more or less perplexing. England is not alone in this matter. It is known that the declining birth-rate is affecting also France and Germany and parts of the United States. We have every reason to believe, in fact, that the principle or cause underlying the process will be adopted more and more widely as modern knowledge and culture are disseminated among the masses of the people. Granting that this will happen in the nations mentioned, are we forced to draw the conclusion that the Asiatic and the Slav will eventually possess the earth by virtue of the mere pressure of a greater fertility? Where the factors are so complex, who is wise enough to forecast the outcome? Modern science and humanitarian tendencies are cutting down the death-rate and prolonging the individual life. If given a free hand, such movements may crowd the habitable parts of the earth with a population as dense as that of China. On the other hand, modern culture, the pressure of economic conditions, the emancipation of women, and other similar factors are operating or cooperating to reduce the birth-rate. Can the historian or the scientist, singly or combined, give us a satisfactory demonstration of how the balance will work out?

The pot of life will continue to boil without doubt, for the energy of life is irrepressible, but can national pride, knowledge, culture, military prowess, anything, be evoked to antagonize those great currents of convection that hitherto have seemed to drag the bottom layers to the top, and vice versa? The author of the report has not bothered with these complicated questions; the thing that impresses her is the mathematical demonstration that England is, so to speak, on a toboggan slide that must carry her to swift destruction, nationally speaking, unless some efficient method is found to counteract the shrinkage in population. The efficient means that the author hopes for is the coming of a man, a statesman, strong and wise enough to arouse the people to a sense of the impending danger by an appeal to the nationalistic instincts. It seems like a forlorn hope, and the ideal implied is not altogether of the highest kind. One would rather believe that the pessimism of the author is not justifiable, and that other forces or tendencies which have not been considered will come into play to alter the predicted course of events. There is, for example, the wider instinct of civilization, not limited to the boundary lines of a nation, that pits the ethical process, to use Huxley's terminology, against the cosmic process, and looks forward, not to a supremacy of one nation over another, but to something approaching a common brotherhood of mankind. Perhaps in the end the problem may be solved along this line, present untoward conditions to the contrary notwithstanding.

Drama and Music

"TAKING CHANCES."

Mr. Lou-Tellegen's selection of "Taking Chances" seems to be as unhappy as the choice of "Secret Strings," in which he appeared earlier in the season. Of the two plays "Secret Strings" at least had the saving grace of some dramatic situation, which hardly can be said of "Taking Chances." That may be explained by the fact that the later play, adapted by Benrimo and Morgan from the German of Paul Frank and Siegfried Geyer, is put forward as comedy. And yet "Taking Chances" is not comedy. Nor is it melodrama. It may be a little of each, but certainly it is not clearly either the one or the other.

The scenes of the play are laid in Nice. In the first act Count de Lastra appears at a garden party given by Marielle Blondeau, wife of the Minister of Police, to whom de Lastra has presented a letter of introduction from a similar official of another city. M. Blondeau is unable to be present at the party because he is investigating a bank robbery which has set Nice by the ears and is the one topic of conversation at the party. Nothing is known of de Lastra, but his charm of manner makes him popular with the ladies, and especially with his hostess, Mme. Blondeau, who, one is permitted to gather, is somewhat neglected by her husband. M. Blondeau looks in at the party towards the end. De Lastra, speaking boldly about the robbery, reminds Blondeau of the similarity of method used by the thief in the robbery of a bank at the city whence he had recently come, and the daring fellow arouses no suspicion in the mind of the Minister of Police! Then, when the guests have gone, and the tables in the garden have been cleared of their glasses, he emerges from the shrubbery, cuts away a part of the glass of a French window, turns the lock, and enters.

The second act, laid in the bedroom of Mme. Blondeau, promises to be of more than passing interest, but proves innocuous. De Lastra enters. Mme. Blondeau threatens to scream—and doesn't. She does, however, ring the bell, but the servants are out and no one responds. De Lastra nonchalantly turns to the wine and the cigarettes. Mme. Blondeau, at first alarmed, then interested, leads him into a discussion of his exploits, and so the evening passes, de Lastra romancing gloriously, and Mme. Blondeau taking it all in. He has made himself quite at home, filling his cigarette case with her monogrammed cigarettes, and lounging about in her husband's smoking-jacket.

In the last act, Blondeau appears at de Lastra's hotel to place him under arrest for the bank robbery. De Lastra is already packing up to leave Nice. He is wearing M. Blondeau's smoking-jacket and smoking Mme. Blondeau's cigarettes. The Minister of Police astutely perceives these things, and arrives at the conclusion that when he was looking for de Lastra in the early hours of the morning, the Count must have been in his own home, possibly in his wife's room. But the Count not only assures the police official that the latter will not arrest him, but, on account of possible scandal to madame, demands a letter of introduction to the Minister of Police at San Sebastian. He explains that it was under just such circumstances that he obtained the letter of introduction to M. Blondeau; in fact, that he always is detected in his robberies and never arrested. What can poor M. Blondeau do? Of course he gives the rascal the letter requested and lets him go.

The piece is ingenious in idea, but in execution thin to transparency. The acting, however, is uniformly good. Mr. Lou-Tellegen as de Lastra gives a capital performance. Miss Ivy Troutman appears as Mme. Blondeau, and Dodson Mitchell as her husband. Worthy of mention also are Miss Carlotta Monterey and Miss Aimee Dalmores. L.

Mr. Atherton Brownell will have to wait for some time for the realization of the plan for the establishment of universal peace which he unfolds in his "Unseen Empire" (Harper; $1.25 net). It is unfortunate that the outbreak of the European war should have played such havoc with his theories and prognostications. But he has written a stirring semi-demi-historical melodrama—albeit somewhat too rhetorical and argumentative—and woven an ingenious love story around the Krupp works at Essen. And he voices with considerable vigor and ability the general opinion of anti-militarists concerning the nature and objects of German imperial policy. His plot, however, was confounded by the development of the crisis in a manner which he did not foresee. He, in common with many others, thought that the German armaments were directed primarily against England, and he depicts the Emperor and his Chancellor as determined upon declaring war on that country. Both of them recognize the vital importance of securing full government control of the Krupp works, and plan to seize them, when they discover that their young mistress, who is in love with her peace-loving chief electrical engineer, is determined that they shall not be used for warlike purposes. But when everything is ready, and troops and ships on the move, Fräulein Krupp—by a device specially prepared for such an emergency—hopelessly disables every bit of her machinery, and at the same time the American Ambassador warns the Chancellor that with the first gun fired against England the United States will close her ports against Germany and refuse to have business relations with her of any kind, either financial or commercial. So the war is called off, and the Emperor, becoming a champion of the millennium, joins Fräulein Krupp and her engineer in a scheme for the creation of a Peace City at Sedan, and a friendly federation of all the states of Europe. Mr. Brownell does not stick at trifles, cheerfully ignoring inconvenient obstacles of every kind, but with his purpose and pious aspirations most sensible persons will be heartily in accord. They have been made futile by the inexorable logic of accomplished facts. His play, considered solely as a romantic drama, is well written, imaginative, and interesting.

One of the strangest performances ever given in a concert room was that of Scriabin's "Prometheus" in Carnegie Hall last Saturday by the Russian Symphony Orchestra. There was a curtain behind the orchestra which parted as soon as the music began, revealing a screen on which diverse colors followed one another in supposed harmony with the music. The tints were electrically produced, being controlled by means of a color-keyboard. When this "Poem of

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Fire" was first performed at Moscow, four years ago, the color apparatus failed to work, and at subsequent repetitions of it in London, Bremen, and Chicago no attempt was made to construct the *clavier à lumière*, the music being played without a color ally. Modest Altschuler, the conductor of the Russian Symphony Orchestra, which has done so much to make modern Russian works known in this country, has the honor, if honor it be, of giving the first complete demonstration of Scriabin's attempt to present a color commentary on music. The idea of such a combination is by no means a new one. Ages ago writers on æsthetics discussed the possibility of having color symphonies, alone or associated with music. One might say that the beautiful cloud and sunset effects in Wagner's operas, with appropriate music, have solved the problem, so far as there is anything worth while in it, but Scriabin is probably the first who has actually carried the idea into the concert hall. Granting that, it can hardly be said that he has made a convincing demonstration of the desirability of such an alliance, at least as presented by him; for although he endeavored to show that certain colors, singly or in contrast, will produce similar effects on the senses and emotions as certain musical tones or chords, he has failed to make such connection clear to the spectator and hearer. His musical score, moreover, represents the very extremes of ultra-modern cacophony, all harmonic euphony being avoided with a zeal worthy of a better cause. To harmonize with such a score, the colors thrown on the screen should therefore be equally hideous, whereas they are really beautiful, though monotonous. It is not likely that Scriabin's experiment will be repeated by other composers. Moving-picture shows offer much better opportunities.

"The Family Music Book," published by G. Schirmer ($1), contains no fewer than 252 pieces of piano and vocal music selected from the works of classic and modern composers, including many old favorites universally known. Altogether there are 785 pages of music. Most of the pieces and songs included are of moderate difficulty. Among them are eighteen arrangements of operatic melodies, twenty-seven romantic and drawing-room pieces by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Rubinstein, Massenet, Chaminade, and other favorites, followed by fourteen easy classics. There are groups of marches, dances of various kinds, Sunday music, piano pieces for four and six hands. In the vocal department the selections are grouped as ballads, convivial songs, plantation, children's, sacred, patriotic, national songs; followed by hymns and vocal duets. The type is large and legible.

So many of the musicians of Paris have gone to the front that the Colonne and Lamoureux orchestras have been obliged to join forces. Their concerts are now given under the alternate guidance of Chevillard and Pierné. The first novelty since the beginning of the war was given at one of these concerts recently. It was a musical setting of a prose poem entitled "Paris," by a captain of the Garde Mobile, made in 1870 by César Franck. Saint-Saëns also set this text to music, but the manager of the Opéra of the time rejected both these compositions. Saint-Saëns afterwards used his work for his "Marche Héroique," but César Franck's setting was heard publicly for the first time at the recent concert referred to.

Art

A Critique of Criticism

AN APPEAL TO THOSE WHO AIM TO GUIDE US TO A FULLER APPRECIATION OF BEAUTY.

By HENRY RUTGERS MARSHALL.

PART I.

In the examination of any general critical principle it is helpful, at the start, to study its suggested applications in some special field. Such an opportunity is furnished by Mr. Geoffrey Scott,* who has interpreted the single art of architecture in terms of the theory presented, and voluminously defended, by the German æsthetician, Theodore Lipps. The book is interesting also in the fact that the author prefaces his constructive work with a careful consideration of certain current critical methods, which is admirable in presentation, and on the whole convincing. His review of these methods is, indeed, limited, for he deals only with such as have been employed to discredit the architecture of the Renaissance in defence of which he writes. His main attack is thus delivered against those who, in their effort to maintain the supreme value of the Gothic, would discredit the whole of Renaissance architecture; but at the same time he makes a more subtle defence against those who, while finding satisfaction in the work of the early Renaissance masters, fail to give value to that of the later period, which he feels to be worthy of fuller appreciation than is usually accorded to it. One who reads between the lines must feel that he has been influenced by a motive with which we may feel no little sympathy. He evidently has been enticed by the so-called "Baroque" development of the Renaissance architecture of Italy, where he makes his home—a development which is looked upon as debased and decadent by the majority of well-equipped critics. But being a man of courage, he is unwilling to disavow his admiration, in subservience to the authority of these critics, or to agree that in this rebellion he shows himself to be one whose taste is itself debased and decadent; and he thus finds himself impelled to look for some valid defence against these imputations of æsthetic immorality. His grouping of the various types of the criticism that has led to the results he essays to combat, although perhaps too schematic to be fully inclusive, serves his purpose well, and enables him to picture the weaknesses of the dogmas upon which this criticism rests, and incidentally to extol the qualities he finds valuable in the architectural work he most admires. Within the limits he thus sets for himself, he does effective service to his cause, presenting his case with a clarity and grace of style which is markedly effective, and writing with the fire of one who feels that he has a message to deliver.

The Architecture of Humanism. By Geoffrey Scott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

I.

In dealing, at the start, with The Romantic Fallacy, as it affects the special field he studies, Mr. Scott finds its gravest fault in the demand it makes that architecture shall be symbolic; and lays bare, with convincing clearness, the weaknesses of such a contention, naturally as an Englishman aiming his most telling blows at Ruskin, whose influence has led so many critics astray. One cannot but regret, however, that, in his ardor, he has been led to do scant justice to the profound æsthetic appreciation displayed by this notable leader and his disciples; a fact which, though it does not weaken the force of Mr. Scott's contentions, should convince us that the symbolic suggestion that is so important a source of beauty in literature must also, for many men, be a powerful element in the total impression that yields architectural beauty.

In his chapter on The Mechanical Fallacy he meets satisfactorily the criticism of those who find architectural perfection based in the main upon the emphasis of constructional and utilitarian values; here facing those who undervalue the Renaissance architecture because of its disregard of this source of satisfaction. The architects of the Renaissance, he tells us, "realize that, for certain purposes in architecture, fact counted for everything, and in certain others, appearance counted for everything"; and "they took advantage of this distinction to the full." He might indeed have made his attack in this direction still more effective had he called attention to the fact that many architectural elements that give us the keenest delight fail altogether to meet the demands of those who uphold this "mechanical fallacy." Not even the most cold-blooded engineer ever constructs, or if he constructs, dares to leave exposed to view, the "theoretic arch" in all its ugly egg-shaped outline. No building of noble character has ever expressed fully its modes of construction, or the utilitarian purpose of those parts that suggest ignoble usage. Indeed, the great architects have invariably led us to overlook structural and purposive suggestion where they did not in themselves yield æsthetic delight. But here again we must not allow ourselves to forget that for many men this expression of constructional and utilitarian values is a very marked source of such delight; even though it is not a tenable theory that architecture is unable to exist as an art unless these values are emphasized.

The chapter on The Ethical Fallacy is devoted to the effective demolition of the criticism voiced in the Ruskinian tenet that "the moral nature" of the Renaissance construction is corrupt, that "it is base, unnatural, unfruitful, unenjoyable, and impious." Yet Mr. Scott's sense of fairness leads him to acknowledge that "morality deepens the content of architectural experience": by which he clearly indicates that

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even this "ethical fallacy" has a basis which must be taken into account if we are to gain a fully adequate conception of architectural æsthetic.

The influence of the philosophy of evolution in the "present ruin" of architecture he considers under the title The Biological Fallacy, holding that the evolutionary interest, in accounting for the facts rather than in estimating them, results in a deplorable "levelling tendency." One who is less pessimistic as to the present condition of architecture may well hesitate to agree with the full validity of this judgment; for it may be that in the insight gained by taking this modern point of view we may eventually find a new architectural inspiration as we come to feel the conviction that architecture is a living growth. The plant flowers but seldom, and for long periods runs to leaf; but he would be a poor horticulturist who would have us call it dead during the periods when it fails to show its full splendors.

In his chapter on The Academic Tradition he makes a strong defence against the condemnation of the Renaissance architecture on the ground that it was merely an imitative style; showing the value that was given to it by this very characteristic which its detractors hold up for censure. His case might have been made much stronger had he asked his readers to take a broader view, drawing attention to the fact that all really great architecture, and indeed all really great art, has been bound up with this imitative process. It is because we overlook this fact that we indulge in the follies of *l'art nouveau*. To raise this objection to the architecture of the Renaissance is to forget that the main difference between the diverse architectural styles in this respect is determined by the long- or short-sightedness of the artist. The builders of the great Greek temples studied closely the works of their ancestors that surrounded them, and, being artists, perfected the inadequacies of the old as they copied in building the new. The architects of the great Gothic cathedrals did the same; but the works they thus imitated were so close to them in time that we, who are impressed by the wonderfully rapid growth of their art, are led to see but the vitality of the effort to modify that they might gain greater satisfaction. The same process of imitation, coupled with attempts to gain greater perfection, is found in the works of the architects of the Renaissance; but here there was a gain of range of vision which led the artist to look farther afield, both spatially and temporally; this enabling him to give a special and enticing quality to his work.

And does not this lead us to a more hopeful view of the architecture of the future than that taken by Mr. Scott? Our field of view is still wider than was that of the great architects of the Renaissance; the masterpieces whose beauties we appreciate are more diversified than any our ancestors have known. So for us the problem of architectural development is more complex, and the perfecting of our work more difficult, as we must strive to build in a manner that shall meet the appreciation of those whose conceptions of beauty have been widened by this very gain of breadth of view. It is difficult to believe that the Gothic builders would have greatly deplored the almost complete destruction of the Parthenon had it occurred in their time; or that the architects of the Renaissance would have been deeply affected if by chance they had received report of the fall of the great spire of Beauvais. But that we, who are stepping haltingly because of the richness of our heritage, find in it the basis of a broader artistic sympathy and appreciation is evident when we note how fully the admirers of the architecture of Greece and Rome have deplored the destructive work of the warring hosts at Rheims, and feel convinced that even the most confirmed gothicists of our time would in like manner mourn with the classicists, if some vandal tribe destroyed the dome of St. Peter's.

II.

Through all this criticism of criticism we find evidence of the author's longing to see justice done to the discredited architecture of the Baroque. He wishes us to look upon it as an art that based its claim for recognition mainly and urgently upon the appeal to taste; and to see that it is for this reason that it fails to touch those led astray by the romantic fallacy which tells us to look for symbolism, or by the mechanical fallacy which asks for the emphasis of structural values, or by the ethical fallacy which demands ethical and religious significance, or by the biologial fallacy which concentrates attention upon matters of history, or by the academic tradition which refuses to allow departure from classical forms. If it was not symbolic, he tells us, it at least succeeded in stimulating the sense of beauty in the cultivated man of the time. If it did not always show that structural value which is "the scientific method of well building," it sought to achieve that structural sense of "firmness" which appeals to the real artist. If it did not meet the academic tradition, it was because it "based itself on an experimental science of taste." If it suggested no ethical or religious ideals, this was because it had other aims, and "was the first to grasp the psychological basis and consequent liberties of architectural art."

In substantiation of this special plea, however, Mr. Scott, as we shall presently see, is led to uphold a general principle that is open to an attack of much the same nature as that which he employs so ably to clear the field for his constructive work, as outlined in his final chapters, and to which he tells us he hopes to devote a future volume. For the very characteristics so cleverly analyzed in his brilliant destructive study of the current modes of architectural criticism appear in the new mode upon which he bids us pin our faith.

Finance

THE VERDICT OF FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

The double phenomenon of the unprecedentedly low rates of New York exchange on Europe, and of our present equally unparalleled excess of merchandise exports over imports, is creating one of those situations whose outcome puzzles the imagination. What we have been seeing in foreign exchange, these past few weeks, is the struggle of rates to recover from an abnormally depreciated level, and their repeated sinking back to figures as low as before, or lower. Even exchange on London, after rising from February's unprecedentedly low rate of 4.79 to 4.83, fell back this week to 4.78⅛. Side by side with this movement have come some remarkable new figures of our foreign trade. The preliminary report for last week, published on Wednesday, showed the largest excess of exports for the country of any week on record. The figure, indeed, $47,200,000, not only ran $10,000,000 beyond that of any previous week this year, but was nearly as large as the highest excess ever before reported for the full month of March.

There is no evidence of this movement slackening. Meantime, with all the piling up of tangible balances on merchandise account, there are other invisible factors to reckon with. This market has heretofore remitted $150,000,000 to $200,000,000 to our tourists and residents in Europe, most of whom the war has driven home. How large has been the movement of capital for safekeeping from the outside world to New York city since the war began, it is impossible to estimate; but it has certainly been of important volume, and its transfer here has necessarily served to press exchange rates still more decidedly in our favor.

Into what situation are these remarkable conditions likely to lead? When our surplus of exports, which up to 1898 had never exceeded $286,000,000, rose to $615,000,000 in 1898 and to $664,000,000 in 1901, Wall Street made the same inquiry in some bewilderment. The answer is a matter of history. It was not through re-sale of American securities from Europe that, by 1903, our powerful international position had been broken down. Such liquidation was enormous, but our ready absorption of the foreign-held stocks and bonds only heightened our market's prestige.

There were three main contributing causes to that reversal of position. Shortage of some important American crops in the next few years was one. Enormous expansion of imports (due to violent rise of prices in this country) was another; for whereas in 1898 our import trade, as a consequence of severe economy, was $250,000,000 below 1893, it had increased $400,000,000 by 1903. But beyond even this, the spectacular rise in prices of everything on the Stock Exchange, and the recapitalization of industrial corporations on an immensely inflated scale, had eaten up the surplus capital of the country and drawn

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in unusual amounts on Europe. Even in 1901, the listings of new stocks and bonds on the New York Stock Exchange exceeded by $1,200,000,000 those of any previous year.

That our international position should have changed decidedly for the worse, under such influences, need have surprised nobody; it caused no surprise, even then. It may be asked, what probability there is of repeating the experience now. Crops may run short in 1915 or 1916, no doubt, as well as in 1901 or 1903; though even the crop situation is most unusual to-day, with a seemingly all but unlimited demand for American wheat in the next few years—Europe's predicament being what it is—and with the cotton trade itself insisting on smaller cotton crops.

Expansion of imports is very likely to come when the war is over, and when Europe is laboring to raise capital from outside by selling goods. As to the possible sequel of an inflation of credit here, through violently rising stock markets and extravagant recapitalizations, for that one would certainly have to look long ahead. It may come later, but it will hardly solve the immediate problem of the foreign exchanges.

That problem may, indeed, have an even larger economic scope than would be indicated by the considerations just recited. In important banking circles there is a growing tendency to accept the abnormal rates as an inevitable outcome of such a war as this. It is one of the new phenomena of an episode wholly new in the history of our time—though hardly new in history, for London exchange on such great Continental cities as Frankfort and Hamburg, during the wars with Napoleon, was far more badly depreciated than is the present sterling market at New York. There were a dozen different contributing causes then, as there are now. Respectable London bankers seriously contended to Parliamentary committees that the only reason for the action of exchange was that gold was so scarce on the European Continent. But it was pretty clearly understood, even then, that the phenomena of the exchange market really measured the economic strain of war on the chief belligerents.

We learned last autumn, when the Stock Exchange was closed, that foreign exchange can measure by its own wide movements even the probable fortunes of the war. The Stock Exchanges are open now, here and in Europe; but in an international sense, they are not working. Even if they were, the same event on the ocean or in the trenches would produce an exactly opposite effect on the London stock market and on the stock market at Berlin. But the foreign exchanges are impartial and inexorable.

Regarded from that point of view—as an index to the probabilities of the war—the position of foreign exchange suggests some interesting questions. That the general condition of exchange on Europe, with rates at New York so abnormally unfavorable to the markets of European belligerents, reflects belief in continuance of the war, is an easy inference. Taking the New York rates on particular foreign markets, it would be reasonable to say that the firmness of Dutch exchange is as much an indication that Holland will not enter the field of war, as the great weakness of exchange on Rome is an indication that Italy will. As between the opposing Powers, it can hardly be doubted that the excessive depreciation of Berlin exchange, as compared even with that of Paris—not to mention London—is the market's testimony to the relative outlook as to eventual defeat or victory.

If this is so, it would seem altogether probable that the foreign exchange market in this city will hereafter be influenced, in an extremely interesting way, by any news of high importance from the conflict. There will be quite as much reason to expect an emphatic rise or fall in rates, after a decisive naval fight, or after a victory on land which would mean results, as to expect a movement on the Stock Exchange.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Atkinson, E. Johnny Appleseed. Harper. $1.25 net.
Chambers, R. W. Who Goes There! Appleton. $1.35 net.
Conrad, J. Victory. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Elliott, F. P. Pals First. Harper. $1.30 net.
Elwood, W. Guimo. Chicago: Reilly & Britton. $1.35 net.
Glyn, E. Three Things. Hearst Int. Library Co. 35 cents net.
Jackson, C. T. John the Fool. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Jones, M. C. Rome's Fool and Other Tales. Broadway Pub. Co. $1 net.
Marsh, R. The Woman in the Car. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.35 net.
Porter, E. H. Pollyanna Grows Up. Boston: Page. $1.25 net.
Seawell, M. E. The Diary of a Beauty. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Warren, M. R. Barbara's Marriages. Harper. $1.35 net.
Yates, K. M. A Tale from the Rainbow Land. Paul Elder & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Dawson, C. The Unknown Country. Hearst Int. Library Co. 50 cents net.
Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Second series. Longmans, Green.
Keyes, C. W. The Rise of the Equites. Princeton University Press.
Picton, H. Is It to be Hate? London: G. Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
Thomas, A. In the Days of Brigham Young. Broadway Pub. Co. $1 net.
Wright, J. M. The Return. Paul Elder & Co. 75 cents net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Angus, S. The Environment of Early Christianity. Scribner. 75 cents net.
Crumpton, B. The Annals of a Soul. Broadway Pub. Co. 50 cents net.
Hough, L. H. The Quest for Wonder. Abingdon Press. $1 net.
Nash, C. S. Our Widening Thought of God. Paul Elder & Co.
Troward, T. Bible Mystery and Bible Meaning. McBride, Nast. $1.50 net.
Troward T. The Doré Lectures. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
Troward, T. The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Bishop, J. The Panama Gateway. New and revised edition. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Eaton, J., and Stevens, B. M. Commercial Work and Training for Girls. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Melvin, F. J. Socialism and the Sociological Ideal. Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.25 net.
Year Book No. 13, Carnegie Institution of Washington, 1914. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Adkins, F. J. Historical Backgrounds of the Great War. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
Alderon, A. W. Why the War Cannot Be Final. London: King & Son. 1s. net.
Atteridge, A. H. The German Army in War. McBride, Nast. 50 cents net.
Beck, J. M. The Evidence in the Case. New edition. Putnam. $1 net.
Berger, P. William Blake: Poet and Mystic. Dutton. $5 net.
Can Germany Win? Anonymous. Putnam. $1 net.
Clark, S. C. John McCullough: As Man, Actor, and Spirit. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Dodd, A. B. Heroic France. New York: Poor's Manual Co.
Foord, E. Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812. Boston: Little, Brown. $4 net.
Garstin, D. Friendly Russia. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Graham, S. Russia and the World. Macmillan. $2 net.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia. Edited by H. R. McIlwaine. Privately printed.
Kauffman, R. W. In a Moment of Time. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
Leonard, R. M. The Patriot's Diary. 1915. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.
Nivedita, Sister. Footfalls of Indian History. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Palmer, J. George Bernard Shaw. Century. 50 cents net.
Raymond Poincaré. A Sketch. London: Duckworth & Co. 5s. net.
Richard, J. F. The Florence Nightingale of the Southern Army. Broadway Pub. Co. $1 net.
Sarolea, C. The Anglo-German Problem. Nelson. $1 net.
Treitschke, H. von. Germany, France, Russia, and Islam. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Usher, R. G. Pan-Americanism. Century. $2 net.
Villard, O. G. Germany Embattled. Scribner. $1 net.
Voix Américaines sur la Guerre de 1914-1915. Pages d'Histoire. Librairie Militaire Berger-Levrault. 60 centimes.
Wheeler, H. D. Are We Ready? Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Williams, H. S. Modern Warfare. Hearst Int. Library Co. $2 net.

TRAVEL.

Edwards, C. E. Bohemian San Francisco. Paul Elder & Co.
Johnson, C. Highways and Byways of California. Exposition edition. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

POETRY.

Bottome, G. H. A Vicar's Poems. New York: E. S. Gorham.
Carpenter, F. W. Verses from Many Seas. Paul Elder & Co.
Kneeland, S. F. Random Reveries of a Busy Barrister. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Taylor, E. R. War Sonnets. Privately printed.

SCIENCE.

Aston, Sir George. Sea, Land, and Air Strategy. Boston: Little, Brown. $3.50 net.
Huneker, J. New Cosmopolis. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Kershaw, G. B. Sewage Purification and Disposal. Cambridge Public Health Series. Cambridge University Press. 12s. net.
Riggs, N. C. Hancock's Applied Mechanics for Engineers. Macmillan. $2.40 net.
Rockwell, F. F. The Key to the Land. Harper. $1 net.
Sadtler, S. S. Chemistry of Familiar Things. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.75 net.
Tuttle, F. G. The Awakening of Woman. Abingdon Press. $1 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Dickinson, T. H. Chief Contemporary Dramatists. Houghton Mifflin. $2.75 net.
Hooker, B. Fairyland: The Book of the Opera. Yale University Press. $1 net.
Rice, G. Y. Collected Plays and Poems. Vols. I and II. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.

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Roessler, E. W. The Soliloquy in German Drama. Columbia University Press.
Winter, William. Shakespeare on the Stage. Second series. Moffat, Yard & Co. $3 net.
Wynne, A. The Growth of English Drama. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3s. 6d. net.

ART.

Lenygon, F. Decoration in England. 1660-1770. Scribner.
Lenygon, F. Furniture in England. 1660-1760. Scribner.
Myres, J. L. Handbook of the Cesnola Collection of Antiquities from Cyprus. Metropolitan Museum of Art.

TEXTBOOKS.

Blanchard, A. A., and Wade, F. B. Foundations of Chemistry. American Book Co.
Harry, P. W. French Anecdotes. American Book Co.
Hopkins, F. M. Allusions, Words, and Phrases. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Detroit: Conover Press.
Hunter, G. W. A Civic Biology. American Book Co.
McKeever, W. A. Outlines of Child Study. Macmillan. $1 net.
Rivenburg, R. H. A Review of Algebra. American Book Co.
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